

A D D I T I O N S

TO THE WORKS OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

Entered in the HALL BOOK of the Company of
STATIONERS,

A D D I T I O N



ALEXANDER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

239 k 48 *last*
A D D I T I O N S

TO THE WORKS OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq. *K*

TOGETHER WITH
MANY ORIGINAL POEMS AND LETTERS,
OF COTEMPORARY WRITERS,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

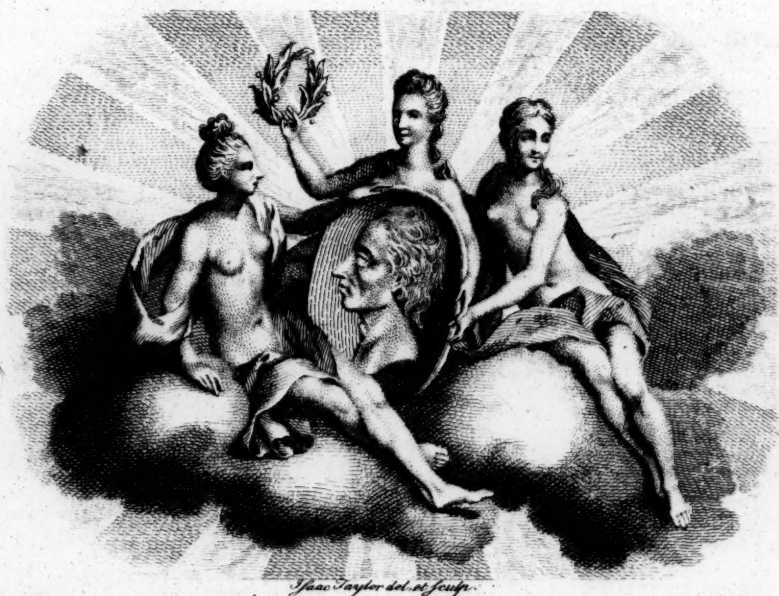
VOL. I.

— *foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.*

VIRGIL.

— *pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat :*

HOR.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR H. BALDWIN,
T. LONGMAN, R. BALDWIN, G. ROBINSON, T. CASLON,
G. KEARSLY, AND J. RIDLEY, 1776.



P R E F A C E.

HOWEVER sparing modern Authors are in giving due praise to their Cotemporaries, they seem to be more united in acknowledging the merit of those who, to use the language of the Psalmist, “have ceased from their labours.” Writers, whose works have stood the test of years, have acquired a kind of prescriptive title to celebrity, not on account of that superior wisdom which is often attributed to times we have survived, or the supposed degeneracy of the present, but because, what has been long known has been more reflected upon, and what undergoes this examination is better understood.

In the catalogue of Authors, whose writings have met with public reception, none have been more justly celebrated than those of POPE, and *his Cotemporaries*; insomuch,

VOL. I.

A

that

that their names have not only been honourably recorded, but the period in which they lived has been pre-eminently distinguished by the title of the *Augustan Age*. Other points of time have here and there given birth to a great genius, who, like a leading star, has enlightened the horizon of literature, but no particular æra, at least of our history, has produced so general, and collected a light as this; a light which, at once, shone upon every part of science, at the same time that it illuminated the circle of morality.

What could have been the cause why such a cluster of great men flourished at the same period of time, and why we have had no similar succession ever since? Whether the first arose from the emulation of authorship, which, like the collision of hard bodies, struck a fire from each other, or that the latter was occasioned by the number of finished pieces they gave to the world, which has ever since occasioned a kind of literary satiety, is a question, perhaps, not so readily decided. This however

is

is as generally known, as assented to, that from the very few eminent geniuses who have arisen since the flourishing days of this illustrious Junto, nature seems to have indulged herself in a temporary repose.

When Authors, therefore, have thus long engaged the public attention, when their works are read with avidity, and universally receive a classical stamp, those who can add any thing to their illustration, and recover by time what has eluded former diligence, bring an acceptable present to the public. It is with good Authors as with good men; the nearer, and more intimately they are viewed, the more we are able to set a proper value upon their characters, and look up to them as more enforcing examples of imitation and instruction.

Under this idea, the Editor thinks he need make no apology in presenting the public with two additional volumes to the Works of Mr. POPE, which contain such of that celebrated Bard's pieces, in prose and verse, together with

many of his Contemporaries, as for particular and local reasons were then suppressed, might have been mislaid, or perhaps got into too remote hands to be collected with ease. He is aware, at the same time, that the public rage for the remains of celebrated men, has occasioned many spurious productions being fathered on them, under the well-known titles of *second parts*, and *posthumous works*. Our best Authors, and principally our best, have been subject to such impositions, which, tho' they have been in time detected, have yet answered the illiberal purposes of such a temporary publication. The Editor of the present Work, to get clear of the shadow of an imputation in this line, is the first to remind the public, that several of the pieces here exhibited originally appeared in *The St. James's Chronicle*.

The favourable reception they met with in that fugitive mode of publication, first suggested to him a wish to give them a more durable form; he accordingly communicated
this

this wish to his friends, who assisted him in his design, so much beyond his expectation, that instead of *one* volume (his original intention) he has, by their favour, been able to make out *two*; composed of such materials, as he flatters himself will acquit him of the charge of an hasty, or self-interested compiler.

Many of the *Letters* and *Poems*, of which this publication consists, were transcribed with accuracy from the originals, in the collections of the late Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, who are well known to have lived in the strictest intimacy with Mr. POPE, as well as his literary friends and associates. Some of the *latter* will be found no way inferior to other productions of the same Authors. All of the fragments, more or less, carry the marks of a master. Others of the Letters are taken from pamphlets printed some years ago, which, in the detached manner they then appeared, will, it is to be hoped, fully justify their present mode of publication. They, for the most part, treat of critical,

tical, friendly, humorous, and literary subjects, and abstracted from these, throw new lights upon the character of Mr. POPE, as a man.

His Letters to his favourite Miss Blount lead to the support of a charge often urged against him — *his want of original invention*; for tho' the extent of his erudition, and his elegant turn of thinking, gave him a superiority to all his Cotemporaries in polishing, to a degree of *originality*, other people's sentiments; yet here, whether from the carelessness arising from intimate friendship, idleness, or the supposition of his not being detected by his fair correspondent, he has committed a plagiarism on Voiture, which would be unworthy a much less celebrated pen than his.

His Letter to Jabez Hughes, Esq. brother to the author of the Siege of Damascus, with that of his to Mr. Dennis, the critic, are melancholy proofs that the greatest genius cannot always shield men from duplicity of conduct in their literary characters, and bring
another

another corroboration to the testimony of Gay's assertion, that

“ Wits are game-cocks to each other.”

But if these Letters shew the weakneses, perhaps the inseparable weakneses from human nature, others will shew some of its fairest, and brightest sides; they will exhibit the strongest *traits* of his humanity and friendship, his wit, his learning, and his morals; they will confirm his more than Roman affection to his parents, and particularly to his aged mother, whose life he watched over with such soothing sollicitude and exemplary reverence, as force us for a while to turn from the lustre of his talents to admire the superiority of his filial character.

A few Poems and Letters will be found in this collection, which appeared only in some of the editions of his works, in none of them quite perfect, which are particularly distinguished in the latter, by the additional paragraphs being printed in Italics. This will

justify their republication here, more particularly as many of them are written in that unreserved, open manner, which his original Editor might have a wish to conceal for many reasons, that now no longer remain; at present, the restoration of them can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify spleen: they may be read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore only to be praised as that object is obtained.

To many, in an age like this, where hypocrisy in morals is much practised, (as is shewn by our dramatic, and other writers,) perhaps a few of the Poems may appear too loose and descriptive, particularly "The Farewel to London," the conclusion of the "Address to Miss Blount on leaving Town," and some passages in "The Sober Advice from Horace, &c." by Mr. POPE; together with the Poem called "Virtue in Danger," and others by Lady Mary Wortley Montague: but on a proper examination this charge of indecency will be found to lie more in the readers turn of thinking, than the defects of
the

the writer. A poet who wants to give his subject due force, should comply with the rules of his profession, by using "proper words in proper places," and provided he keeps a steady eye on the moral of his piece, the more he colours from nature, the more he assists his design, whilst the *hint* and *double entendrez*, those mock draperies of delicacy, often create a more indecent meaning than the circumstance will allow, and urge the young and inexperienced reader more to the exercise of his passions than his reason.

Swift's delicacy has been often arraigned on the same principle; and his "Lady's Dressing Room," and others of his Poems of a similar stamp, are ever sure to be adduced as convincing proofs of this charge. But where is the woman of real sense and cleanliness offended at it? Conscious she deserves no such reprehension in her own conduct, she sees the general force of the satire only directed to the flatteries of her sex, and is pleased with the hope of a consequent reformation. In short, the Editor is entirely
of

of opinion, that the same rule respecting decency, which a modern artist has laid down in painting, will equally hold good in poetry.

“ It is not in shewing, or concealing the
 “ naked, that modesty or lewdness depend.
 “ They arise entirely from the choice and
 “ intentions of the artist himself. A great
 “ mind can raise great, or pleasing ideas,
 “ though he shews all the parts of the body
 “ in their natural way, whilst the Cheapside
 “ prints of the *Buck and Quaker Girl*, the
 “ charms of the *Garter* and *High-wind*, are
 “ proofs that very lewd ideas might be pro-
 “ duced, though little or nothing of the
 “ naked be discovered ; and there is no doubt,
 “ but that the *Venus De Medicis* might be
 “ converted into a very lewd figure *by dressing*
 “ *her out for that purpose**.”

The letters which passed between Mr. POPE, and his booksellers, which are to be found in the second of these volumes, may appear to those who are to be no otherwise pleased

* Barry on the Arts.

pleased with human genius than seeing it eternally on the stretch, rather too trifling; and as the public voice is not a little raised upon like occasions, the Editor thinks it may be necessary to say something on this subject.

It is objected, that most of our great writers no sooner establish a reputation for their works, but there are never wanting interested people, who preferring a private lucre either to the fame of the author, or national honour, busy themselves in gleaning up their most uninteresting thoughts on the most uninteresting subjects; such as letters to tradesmen, &c. and that kind of domestic correspondence, which, to use the language of a modern author, "a wise man should be ashamed to remember."

Was a collection of this kind purposely made for the filling up a volume without the least regard to amusement, curiosity, or instruction, it must soon defeat its own purposes; for, however common readers may for
a while

a while be pleased with the novelty, the reprobation it must receive from men of sense, would soon distinguish it as the *mortal part* of an author, and in this state consign it to oblivion. But trifling as these Letters appear to be, many of them referring to literary business, help to settle dates, and explain references, which perhaps before were not quite so intelligible, and like those well digested questions on a legal examination, which however simple they may appear in respect to their immediate enquiries are yet important, as they strengthen, or elucidate a fact in their connections. Others will serve to shew the degree of intimacy between the poet and bookseller of that time, the process of publication, and many other little anecdotes of parties and places, too *trifling* to be otherwise recorded, but by this mode of preservation, and yet too *curious* (at least to literary enquirers) to fall down the stream of obscurity.

The Editor having now made those apologies which he thought necessary for offering these volumes to the public, he will no longer detain

detain them from the exercise of their own judgement. He cannot, however, conclude without assuring them that his design in this compilation was no more than to collect in one view, such pieces of our celebrated English Bard, and his Cotemporaries, as may be lost to the world from a fugitive mode of publication, and others which might be equally lost from their being only open to the inspection of the few. In this, as he has spared no industry, or expence himself, and stands much indebted to the researches and interest of many of his friends, he hopes to have the merit of a faithful and useful Compiler, and that these volumes may not be thought improper appendages to the present edition of POPE'S WORKS.

CONTENTS

C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

P O E M S I N V O L. I.

A Farewell to London, in the year 1715	Page 1
Lines added to the Address to Miss Martha Blount on her leaving Town	4
Lines sung by Durastanti on leaving the English Stage	6
A Burlesque of the same Lines, by Dr. Arbuthnot	7
A Fragment of Stanza's, taken from Mr. Pope's own hand-writing	8
Mr. Gay's Epitaph	ibid
Lord Coningsby's Epitaph	9
The beginning Lines of Homer's Iliad, as originally translated by Mr. Pope	ibid
A Dialogue	10
Verfes to Mrs. Martha Blount on her Birth-Day, 1724	11
Epigram engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which Mr. Pope gave to his Royal Highness	ibid
Epigrams occasioned by an Invitation to Court	12
On Butler's Monument	13
Verfes to be prefixed before Bernard Lintot's New Miscellany	14
On the Duke of Marlborough's House at Woodstock	15
To Lady Mary Wortley Montague	16
A Version of the First Psalm, for the Use of a young Lady	18
4	To

CONTENTS. OF VOL. I.

To Mr. Moore, Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder	Page 19
A modern Imitation of the Fourth Epistle of the First Book of Horace's Epistles	21
A Fragment, attributed by some to Mr. Pope, and by others to Mr. Congreve	23
Verses left by Mr. Pope, on his lying in the same Bed which Wilmot the celebrated Earl of Rochester slept in at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyle, July 9, 1739	24
Sober Advice from Horace, to the young Gentlemen about Town, as delivered in his second Sermon, imitated in the Manner of Mr. Pope; together with the original Text, as restored by the Rev. Richard Bentley, D. D. and some Remarks on the Version	25, 29
An Epistle to Henry Cromwell, Esq.	44
The Translator	49
Roxana, or the Drawing-Room	ibid
The Looking-Glass	52
The Challenge: A Court Ballad	53
The Three Gentle Shepherds	55
Lines copied from Mr. Pope's Hand-writing, on a Scrap of Paper	56
An Essay on Human Life	57
To the Prince of Orange, 1677. By Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield	86
A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to the Dean of St. Patrick's. By Dr. Swift	89
Lines written under the Print of Tom Britton, the <i>Small-Coal-Man</i> , painted by Mr. Woolaston. By Mr. Prior	90
By the same	ibid
A Letter to Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley when a Child. By Mr. Prior	91
To Lord Oxford; written extempore by Mr. Prior, in Lady Oxford's Study	ibid
2	Verses

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

Verſes written in Lady Howe's Ovid's Epiftles. By Mr. Prior	- - -	Page 92
By Mr. Prior, 1716	- - -	ibid
By the ſame	- - -	ibid
True's Epitaph. By Mr. Prior	- - -	93
Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece. By Mr. Gay, upon Mr. Pope's having finiſhed his Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad	- - -	94
Motto for the Opera of Mutius Scævola. By Mr. Gay	- - -	104
Mr. Gay's Epigrammatical Petition to the Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treafurer	- - -	ibid
The Duchefs of Queensberry's Reply to King George II. when ſhe was forbid to appear at Court	- - -	105
Copies of Verſes written on the above ſubject		106, &c.
A Ballad on the ſame ſubject, to the tune of Lillibullero	- - -	109
Written in Mr. Gay's Works, preſented to a Lady in very ſplendid binding. To the Book		112
On the forbiddance of Gay's ſecond part of the Beggar's Opera, and the damnation of Cibber's Love in a Riddle	- - -	ibid
On Lady Pembroke's promoting the Cat-Calling of Fauſtina, 1727	- - -	113
The Character of Lady Henrietta Cavendiſh Holles. By Mr. Hughes.	- - -	ibid
To the ſame, on her choice of Truth, Honour, and Honesty for her Motto. By Mr. Hughes		114
The humble Petition of a beautiful young Lady to the Rev. Dr. Berkley, Dean of Londonderry, which he quits to go and ſettle a College at Bermudas	- - -	115
Prologue to Muſic. By Dr. Garth	- - -	116
Butler's Complaint againſt his pretended Monument in Weſtminſter Abbey	- - -	117
VOL. I.	a	Lines

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

Lines written with charcoal upon Butler's Monument	- - -	Page 118
Epigram on the Miracles wrought by Cuzzoni	ibid	
— in behalf of Tom Southern, to the Duke of Argyle	- - -	ibid
A Description of Dr. Delany's Villa. By Dr. Sheridan	- - -	119
Verſes written in the Earl of Oxford's Library at Wimpole, 1729. By Soame Jenyns	- - -	121
Ragg's Verſes to J. Philips	- - -	123
The Duke of Buckingham's Epitaph. Written by Himſelf	- - -	125
— translated by George Sewell, M. D.	ibid	
Epitaph on Mr. Craggs	- - -	126
On Sir Abraham Elt being knighted, and taking the name of Elton	- - -	127
A Weſtminſter Exerciſe	- - -	128
Epitaph on Mr. Thynne	- - -	129
A Parſon's Reſolution	- - -	ibid
Verſes to a Lady	- - -	ibid
Epitaph on Dr. John Friend	- - -	131
— intended by Mr. Dryden for his Wife	ibid	
— on Mr. Molesworth, who erected a Monument, and placed an Inſcription upon it in honour of his favourite Dog	- - -	132
Verſes on Dr. Evans, Burſar, cutting down the trees in St. John's College Grove. By Dr. Tadlow	ibid	
Dr. Evans upon Dr. Tadlow	- - -	ibid
Verſes to be publiſhed in the next edition of Dryden's Virgil	- - -	133
To a Lady more cruel than fair. By Sir John Vanbrugh	- - -	ibid
Verſes on the Royſton Bargain, or Ale-houſe Wedding	- - -	135
To Mrs. B. to invite her from Virginia to Bermudas	138	
A Ber-		

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

A Bermudan Ode	- - -	Page 140
Sir Charles Hanbury to Sir Hans Sloane		145
Mr. Hanbury to Sir Harry Ashurst	- -	148
Lord Harvey on the Duchefs of Richmond		149
On a Collar prefented for Happy Gill. By Mr. Hughes	- - -	150
Lord Middlefex to Mr. Pope, on reading Mr. Addison's Account of the English Poets	-	151
The 21st Ode of the Third Book of Horace translated. By Lord Middlefex	- -	153
Verfes on a Goose. By Lord Middlefex		154
On Lady A.	- -	155
Dr. Winter's Questions to Dr. Cheney		156
Dr. Cheney's Answer	- -	157
Verfes on the Art of Politics. By the Rev. Mr. Bramfton	- - -	158
A Ballad found in a cottage in Lancashire, and fent up to Lord Oxford	- -	160
Verfes on Oxford Geniufes	- -	163
Knight verfus Parfon. By the Rev. Mr. Bramfton		ibid
An Epiftle to Lord Cobham. By Mr. Congreve		165
To Lady Irwin. By Lady Mary Wortley Montague		168
Lady Irwin's Answer	- -	170
An Elegy on Mrs. Bowes. By Lady Mary Wortley Montague	- -	171
Verfes on the above Elegy	- -	172
The Answer to the above Elegy	- -	ibid
On a Lady miftaking a dying Trader for a dying Lover. By Lady Mary Wortley Montague		173
Virtue in Danger : A lamentable ftory how a virtuous Lady had like to have been ravifhed by her fifter's footman. By Lady Mary Wortley Montague		176

Epiftle

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

Epistle from Arthur Grey, the footman, after his condemnation for attempting a Rape. By Lady Mary Wortley Montague	- - 182
Mr. John Philips's designed Dedication to his Poem called the Splendid Shilling	- - 188

LETTERS, &c. IN VOL. I.

MR. PITT, the Translator of Virgil, to Mr. Spence	- - 192
Original Letter from Mr. George Vertue to Mr. Charles Christian	- - 195
Mr. Prior to Mr. Wanley	- - 198, 199
Mr. E. Settle to Lord Oxford	- 200
Mr. Pope to a Lady	201, 204, 208, 209, 211, 214, 218, 221, 224, 225, 228, 231
Extract of a Letter from Lord Bolingbroke to Monsieur Pouilly de Champeaux	- 235

A D D I T I O N S
TO THE
WORKS OF POPE, &c.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON
IN THE YEAR 1715.

By Mr. P O P E.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!

Thy fools no more I'll teize:

This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,

Ye harlots, sleep^a at ease!

Soft B - - - * and rough C - - - s †, adieu!

Earl Warwick make your moan,

The lively H - - - - k and you

May knock up whores alone.

VOL. I.

B

To

* Perhaps *Bethel*.

His *equal mind* I copy what I can. SAT. 2.

† Secretary *Craggs*, famous for the roughness of his manners.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
 Till the third watchman toll * ;
 Let Jervase gratis paint, and Frowde †
 Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
 On every learned sot ;
 And Garth, the best good christian he ‡ ,
 Altho' he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell ! thy bard must go ;
 Farewell, unhappy Tonson !
 Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe § ,
 Lean Philips, and fat Johnson || .

Why

* Dr. Wellwood observes, that Mr. *Rowe* was inimitable in his manner of enlivening company.

† *Philip Frowde*, author of the *Tragedies of the Fall of Saguntum*, and *Philotas*. He is spoken of by his biographers as a man of a most amiable character. It is difficult to say why Mr. Pope has dropped this stroke of satire upon him. Perhaps his offence was his too great intimacy with Addison.

‡ Thus at the conclusion of a letter from Mr. Pope to a person unknown, " If ever there was good christian " without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. *Garth*."

§ — *thy loss of Rowe*. i. e. when King George I. made him one of the land-surveyors of the port of London.

|| *Ambrose Philips* and *Charles Johnson*, the latter of whom " had probably thriven better in his vocation, " had he been a small matter leaner. He may be " justly called a martyr to obesity, and be said to have " fallen a victim to the rotundity of his parts."—See the *Companion to the Playhouse*, &c.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
 My vixen mistress squalls;
 The wits in envious feuds engage;
 And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
 In Hallifax's urn*;
 And not one Muse of all he fed,
 Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
 Betray, and are betray'd:
 Poor Y - - r's sold for fifty pounds,
 And B - - - ll is a jade†.

Why make I friendships with the great,
 When I no favour seek?
 Or follow girls seven hours in eight?—
 I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
 Deep whimsies to contrive;
 The gayest valetudinaire,
 Most thinking rake alive.

B 2

Sollicitous

* How does this agree with the character which he has afterwards given of *Bufo* in the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot?

† *Eustace Budgell*, of whom he speaks in his epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

“ Let *Budgell* charge low *Grub-street* on his quill,
 “ And write whatever he pleas'd, except his will.”

Sollicitous for others ends,
 Tho' fond of dear repose;
 Careless or drowsy with my friends,
 And frolick with my foes.

Laborious lobster-nights, farewell,
 For sober, studious days!
 And Burlington's delicious meal,
 For fallads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
 Whose soul, sincere and free,
 Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
 And so may starve with me.

These Lines were added by Mr. POPE after the present Conclusion of his Address to Miss MARTHA BLOUNT on her leaving Town, &c. "As some fond Virgin, &c."

IN this strange Town a different course we take,
 Refine ourselves to spirit, for your sake.
 For want of you, we spend our random wit on
 The first we find with Needham*, Brooks, or Briton.
 Hackney'd

* *Needham*, the Mrs. Cole of her age, for her constant prayer was that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." She was, however, so ill used by the populace when she made

Hackney'd in sin, we beat about the town,
 And like sure spaniels, at first scent lie down:
 Were Virtue's self in filks—faith keep away!
 Or virtue's virtue scarce would last a day.

Thus, Madam, most men talk, and some men do:
 The rest is told you in a line or two.
 Some, strangely wonder you're not fond to marry—
 A double jest still pleases sweet Sir Harry —
 Small-pox is rife, and Gay in dreadful fear—
 The good priests whisper—Where's the chevalier?
 Much in your absence B—'s heart endures,
 And if poor Pope is cl—pt, the fault is yours.

made her last appearance in the pillory, that she did not survive it. We may suppose *Brooks* and *Briton* to have been of the same trade.—See notes on the *Dunciad*.

Neither this fragment, nor the foregoing verses, very strongly controvert the assertion of Colley Cibber concerning the time when a nobleman “ propos'd to slip his “ little Homer, as he called him, at a girl of the game.” See Cibber's Letter to Pope, p. 47.

The following Lines were sung by DURASTANTI
when she took her Leave of the ENGLISH STAGE. The
Words were in Haste put together by Mr. POPE,
at the Request of the Earl of PETERBOROW.*

GENEROUS, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun?

Happy foil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new.
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still encreasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars for ever ceasing:
But let old charmers yield to new:—
Happy foil, adieu, adieu!

* Signora *Durastanti* came over with Senefino, to assist Handel by singing in the Opera, about the year 1721.

A BURLESQUE of the same Lines.

By Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

PUPPIES, whom I now am leaving,
 Merry sometimes, always mad,
 Who lavish most when debts are craving,
 On fool, and farce, and masquerade!
 Who would not from such bubbles run,
 And leave such blessings for the sun?

Happy foil, and simple crew!
 Let old sharpers yield to new:
 All your tastes be still refining;
 All your nonsense still more shining;
 Blest in some Berenstadt or Boschi*,
 He more aukward, he more husky;
 And never want, when these are lost t'us,
 Another Heidegger and Faustus†.

Happy foil, and simple crew!
 Let old sharpers yield to new!
 Bubbles all, adieu, adieu!

B 4

A FRAG-

* *Berenstadt*, a castrato, was likewise engaged by Handel in the Operas. *Boschi* was a bass singer in the same entertainments.

† *Heidegger* was the celebrated *arbiter elegantiarum* in the time of Mr. Pope, who forgetting the defects of his own person has ridiculed those of *Heidegger* in the *Dunciad*.

“ Something betwixt a *Heidegger* and owl.”
Faustus is Mr. Rich's Pantomime of that name.

A FRAGMENT of STANZAS, taken
from Mr. POPE's own Hand-writing.

XIII.

THEN he went to the side-board and call'd for
much liquor,
And glafs after glafs he drank quicker and quicker;
So that Heidegger quoth,
Nay, faith on his oath,
Of two hogheads of burgundy Satan drank both.

Then all like a - - - - - the Devil appear'd,
And strait the whole table of dishes he clear'd:

Then a friar; then a nun,
And then he put on
A face, all the company took for his own.

Even thine, O false Heidegger! who wert so wicked
To let in the Devil - - - - -

Mr. GAY's EPITAPH.

By Mr. POPE.

WELL then! poor Gay lies under ground,

So there's an end of honest Jack:

So little justice here he found,

'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come lack,

Lord

Lord CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH*.

By Mr. P O P E.

HERE lies Lord Coningsby—be civil;
The rest God knows--so does the Devil.

* This Epitaph, originally written on *Picus Mirandula*, is apply'd to F. Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift. See Hawkesworth's Edition, Vol. VI.

*The beginning Lines of HOMER's ILIAD as originally
translated by Mr. P O P E.*

THE stern Pelides' rage, O Goddess! sing,
Of all the woes of Greece, the fatal spring,
That strow'd with warriors dead the Phrygian plain,
And peopled the dark shades with heroes slain;
Whose limbs unburied on the hostile shore,
Devouring dogs and greedy vulturs tore.
Since first Atrides and Achilles strove,
Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Declare, O Goddess! what offended pow'r
Enflam'd their rage in that ill-omen'd hour!
Phœbus himself the dire debate procur'd,
T'avenge the wrongs his injur'd priest endur'd.

For

For this the God a dire infection spread,
And heap'd the camp with millions of the dead.
The king of men the sacred Sire defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.

A D I A L O G U E.

By Mr. P O P E.

Pope. SINCE my old friend is grown so great,
As to be minister of state,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be asham'd of Pope.

Craggs. Alas ! if I am such a creature,
To grow the worse for growing greater ;
Why faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be asham'd of Craggs *.

* 'Tis Pope must be asham'd of Craggs.] So in the Epistle
to James Craggs, Esq.

“ Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
“ Asham'd of any friend, not even of me :
“ The patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue ;
“ If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.”

To Mrs. MARTHA BLOUNT, on her
Birth-Day, 1724,

By Mr. POPE.

IF added days of life bring nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let every pleasure through;
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some pensive notion more;
Is this a birth-day? ah! 'tis sadly clear,
'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.
If there's no hope with kind, tho' fainter ray,
To gild the evening of our future day;
If every page of life's long volume tell
The same dull story—Mordaunt*! thou did'st well.

* Colonel *Mordaunt*, who destroy'd himself. The last four lines are omitted in the modern editions, but the poem is otherwise much enlarged.

E P I G R A M

By Mr. POPE.

*Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to his
Royal Highness.*

I Am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

EPI-

EPIGRAMS,

By Mr. POPE,

Occasioned by an Invitation to Court.

I.

IN the lines that you sent, are the Muses and Graces ;
You have the *nine* in your wit, and *three* in your
faces.

II.

THEY may talk of the goddeffes in Ida vales,
But *you* shew your *wit*, whereas they shew their *tails*.

III.

YOU Bellenden, Griffin, and little Lepell,
By G—d you all lie like the D—l in hell ;
To say that at Court there's a dearth of all wit,
And send what Argyle, would he *write*, might have
writ.

IV.

ADAM had fallen twice, if for an apple
The D—l had brought him Bellenden and Lepell,

V.

ON Sunday at six, in the street that's call'd
Gerrard,
You may meet the two *champions* who are no lord
Sh—rd.

VI.

YOU say A——'s a wit, for what?
For *writing*? no——for writing not.

On BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

Perhaps by Mr. POPE.*

RESPECT to Dryden, Sheffield justly pay'd,
And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's shade:
But whence this Barber?—that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

VERSES

* Mr. Pope, in one of the prints from Scheemaker's monument of Shakespeare in Westminster-Abbey, has sufficiently shewn his contempt of Alderman Barber, by the following couplet, which is substituted in the place of "The cloud-capt towers, &c."

"Thus Britain lov'd me; and preserv'd my fame,
"Clear from a Barber's or a Benson's name."

A. POPE.

Pope might probably have suppressed his satire on the Alderman, because he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correspondents; though in the 4th Book of the *Dunciad* he has an anonymous stroke at him.

"So by each bard an Alderman shall fit,
"A heavy Lord shall hang at every wit."

VERSES *to be prefixed before* BERNARD LINTOT'S
NEW MISCELLANY.

By Mr. POPE.

SOME Colinæus praise, some Bleau,
Others account 'em but so, so ;
Some Plantin to the rest prefer,
And some esteem Old Elzevir ;
Others with Aldus wou'd besot us ;
I, for my part, admire Lintottus—
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own person, large and fair—
They print their names in letters small,
But LINTOT stands in capital :
Author, and He, with equal grace,
Appear, and stare you in the face.
Stephens prints Heathen Greek, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read ;
But all that comes from Lintot's hand
Ev'n Rawlinson * might understand.—
Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting ;
Of Lintot's books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read.—
Their copy cost 'em not a penny :
To Homer, Virgil, or to any,

They

* Thomas Rawlinson, Esq.

They ne'er gave sixpence for two lines,
 To them, their heirs, or their assigns ;
 But Lintot is at vast expence,
 And pays prodigious dear for sense. —
 Their books are useful but to few,
 A scholar, or a wit or two ;
 Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit,
 For, some folks read, but all folks sh—.

Upon the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's House at Woodstock.

By Mr. POPE.

Atria longè patent ; sed nec cœnantibus usquam,
 Nec somno locus est : quàm bene non habites !

MART. Epig.

SEE, Sir, here's the grand approach,
 This way is for his Grace's coach ;
 There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
 Observe the lion and the cock,
 The spacious court, the colonnade,
 And mark how wide the hall is made !
 The chimneys are so well design'd,
 They never smoke in any wind.
 This gallery's contriv'd for walking,
 The windows to retire and talk in ;
 The council-chamber for debate,
 And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks,

Thanks, Sir, cry'd I, 'tis very fine.
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

To Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE*.

By Mr. P O P E.

I.

IN beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd:
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Left flocks shou'd be wise as their guide.

III. 'Twas

* This panegyric on Lady *Mary Wortley Montague* might have been suppress'd by Mr. Pope, on account of her having satirized him in her verses to the imitator of Horace; which abuse he returned in the first Sat. of the second book of Horace.

“From furious Sappho, scarce a milder fate,
“P—'d by her love, or libell'd by her hate.”

III.

'Twas a woman at first,
 (Indeed she was curst)
 In knowledge that tasted delight,
 And sages agree
 The laws shou'd decree
 To the first of possessors the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
 Resume the old claim,
 Which to your whole sex does belong;
 And let men receive,
 From a second bright Eve,
 The knowledge of right, and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
 Hard doom did receive,
 When only one apple had she,
 What a punishment new
 Shall be found out for you,
 Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

A Version of the FIRST PSALM.

For the Use of a young Lady.

By Mr. POPE.

I.

THE maid is blest that will not hear
Of masquerading tricks,
Nor lends to wanton songs an ear,
Nor sighs for coach and fix.

II.

To please her shall her husband strive
With all his main and might,
And in her love shall exercise
Himself both day and night.

III.

She shall bring forth most pleasant fruit,
He flourish still, and stand ;
Even so all things shall prosper well
That this maid takes in hand.

IV.

No wicked whores shall have such luck,
Who follow their own wills,
But purg'd shall be to skin and bone,
With mercury and pills.

V.

For why, the pure and cleanly maids
 Shall all good husbands gain;
 But filthy and uncleanly jades
 Shall rot in Drury-Lane.

*To the ingenious Mr. MOORE, Author of the celebrated
 Worm-Powder.*

By Mr. POPE.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
 Deceiv'd by shows and forms!
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All human race are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
 Proud reptile *, vile and vain,
 A while he crawls upon the earth,
 Then shrinks to earth again.

C 2

That

* Mr. Pope took this hint from Homer :

“ O son of Tydeus cease! be wise and see
 “ How vast the diff'rence of the gods and thee;
 “ Distance immense! between the pow'rs that shine
 “ Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
 “ And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
 “ A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

See Apollo's speech to Diomedes, book xv.

That woman is a Worm, we find,
 E'er since our grannum's evil;
 She first convers'd with her own kind,
 The ancient Worm, the devil.

But whether man, or he, God knows,
 Fœcundify'd her belly,
 With that pure stuff from whence we rose,
 The genial vermicelli.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
 The blockhead is a Slow-worm;
 The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,
 Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
 That flutter for a day;
 First from a Worm they took their rise,
 Then in a Worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows,
 Some Worms suit all conditions;
 Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms, beaux,
 And Death-watches, physicians.

That statesmen have a Worm, is seen
 By all their winding play:
 Their conscience is a Worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah!

Ah! Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou could'st make the courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

O learned friend of Ab-church-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free,
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Thou only canst our fate adjourn,
Some few short years; no more:
Ev'n Button's wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

*The Fourth Epistle of the First Book of HORACE's
Epistles *.*

A modern Imitation. By Mr. POPE.

SAY †, St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimick muse,

C 3

What

* This satire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praise
bestow'd on him in a letter to Mr. Richardson, where
Mr. Pope says

“The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes;”
being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to
be suppressed.

Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

† *Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere, quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?*

What schemes of politics, or laws,
 In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
 Is then a greater work in hand,
 Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
 "Or shoots he folly as it flies?"
 "Or catches manners as they rise?"
 Or urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
 * Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
 Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
 Ev'n Chartres' self is scarce a name.

† To you (th' all-envy'd gift of Heav'n)
 Th' indulgent gods, unask'd, have giv'n
 A form complete in ev'ry part,
 And, to enjoy that gift, the art.

‡ What could a tender mother's care
 Wish better, to her fav'rite heir,
 Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
 A stock of health, and golden show'rs,
 And graceful fluency of speech,
 Precepts before unknown to teach?

Amidst

* *An tacitam silvas inter reptare salubres?*

† ——— *Di tibi formam,
 Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.*

‡ *Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
 Quam sapere, & fari posset quæ sentiat, & cui
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
 ——— non deficiente crumena?*

* Amidst thy various ebbs of fear;
 And gleaming hope, and black despair,
 Yet let thy friend this truth impart,
 A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
 (In justice for your labours past)
 † That ev'ry day shall be your last;
 That ev'ry hour you life renew
 Is to your injur'd country due.

In spight of fears, of mercy spight,
 My genius still must rail, and write.
 Hasten to thy Twick'nham's safe retreat,
 And mingle with the grumbling great:
 There, half devour'd by spleen, you'll find
 The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
 There (objects of our mutual hate)
 We'll ridicule both church and state.

* *Inter spem, curamque, timores inter & iras.*

† *Omne crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
 Me pinguem, & nitidum bene curata cute vises,
 Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.*

A FRAGMENT, *attributed by some to Mr. POPE,
 and by others to Mr. CONGREVE. It has however
 been seen in the Hand-writing of the former.*

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
 The morning bow'rs, the evening colonnades,

But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind
 To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind !
 So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
 Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart)
 There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
 Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

VERSES *left by Mr. POPE, on his lying in the same
 Bed which WILMOT the celebrated Earl of Roche-
 ster slept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke
 of Argyle, July 9th, 1739.*

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd
 I press the bed where Wilmot lay ;
 That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
 Begets no numbers grave, or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
 Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
 Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
 Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
 Yet stoop to bless a child or wife ;
 And such as wicked kings may mourn,
 When freedom is more dear than life.

SOBER

S O B E R A D V I C E

F R O M

H O R A C E *,

T O T H E

Y O U N G G E N T L E M E N A B O U T T O W N.

As delivered in his SECOND SERMON.

IMITATED† in the Manner of Mr. POPE.

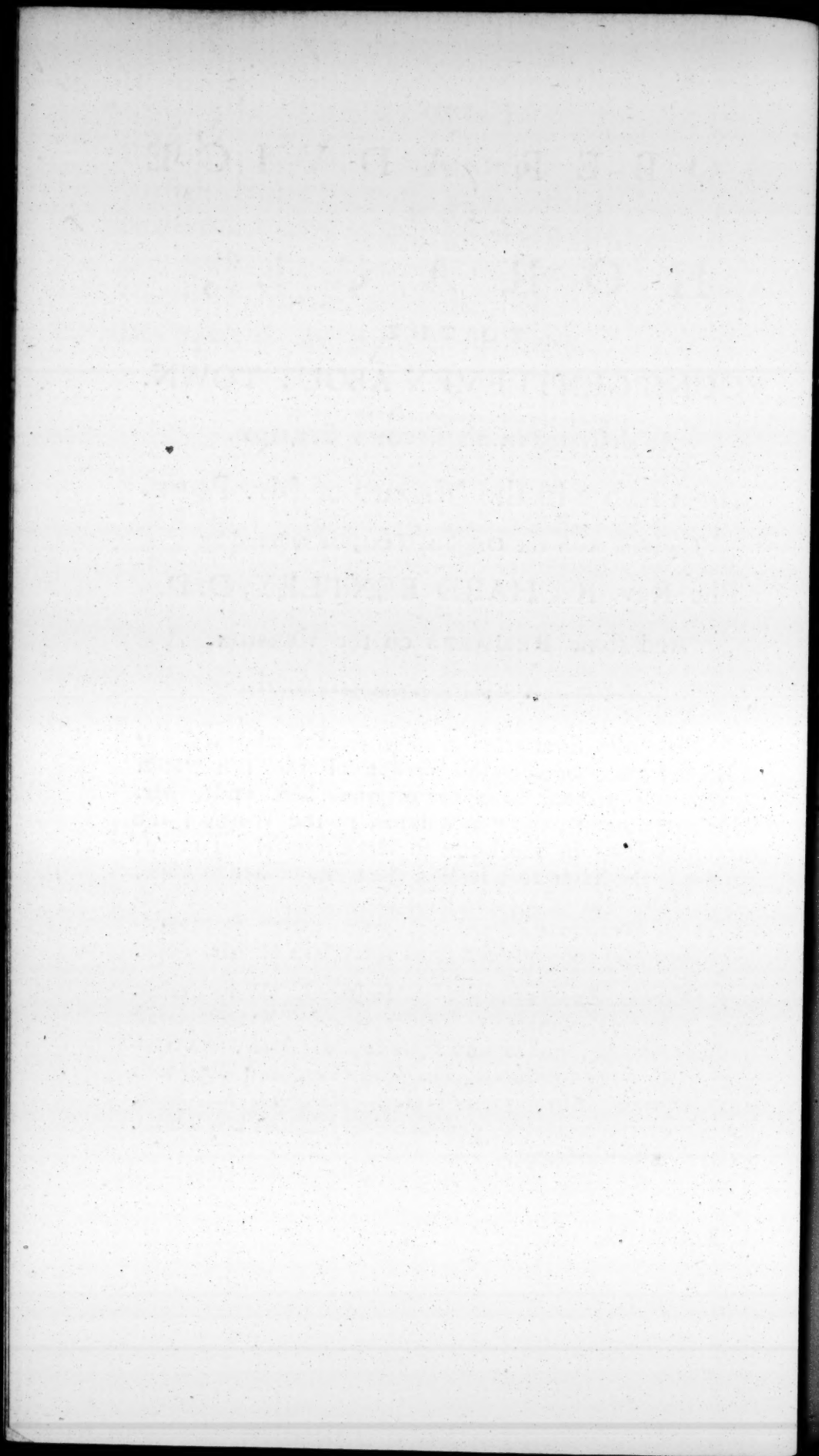
Together with the Original Text, as restored by

The Rev. RICHARD BENTLEY, D. D.

And some REMARKS on the VERSION.

* The Editor is at a loss to assign a reason why the *Sober Advice from Horace*; the version of the first Psalm (which was printed from the original MS. under Mr. Pope's own hand), the fourth stanza in the *Worms*; the rapturous lines in the letter to Mr. Cromwell, Jan. 22, 1708-9; the letter to a lady in the name of her brother; (all which seem of a piece with the lines in the letter to the above gentleman, April 25, 1708, which is permitted to remain) are excluded from the works of Mr. Pope.

† [NOTÆ BENTLEIANÆ] Imitated. Why imitated? Why not translated? *Odi imitatores!* A metaphrast had not turned *Tigellius*, and *Fufidius*, *Malchinus*, and *Gargonius* (for I say *Malchinus*, not *Malthinus*, and *Gargonius* not *Gorgonius*) into so many ladies. *Benignus*, *hic*, *hunc*, &c. all of the masculine gender: every school-boy knows more than our Imitator.



T O

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq*.

S I R,

I HAVE so great a trust in your indulgence towards me, as to believe you cannot but patronize this *Imitation*, so much in your *own manner*, and whose birth I may truly say is owing to you†. In that confidence, I would not suppress the criticisms made upon it by the Reverend Doctor; the rather, since he has promised to mend the faults in the next edition, with the same goodness he has practised to Milton. I hope you will believe that while I express my regard for you, it is only out of modesty I conceal my name; since, tho' perhaps I may not profess myself your admirer so much as some others, I cannot but be, with as much inward respect, good-will, and zeal, as any man,

Dear S I R,

Your most affectionate,

And faithful servant.

* *i. e.* Alexander Pope, Esq; to himself.

† This assertion proves most true.

HORATII FLACCI,

S. II. L. I.

TEXTUM RECENSUIT

V. R. RICARDUS BENTLEIUS, S. T. P.

AMbubajarum collegia, pharmacopolae,
Mendici, mimae, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Moeustum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte Tigelli:
Quippe benignus erat—

Contra hic, ne prodigus esse
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit,

Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Præclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coëmens obsonia nummis:
“Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,”
Respondet. Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis,

Fufidius

S O B E R A D V I C E

F R O M

H O R A C E.

THE tribe of Templars, Play'rs, Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord Fanny's, Lady Mary's,
And all the court in tears, and half the town,
Lament dear charming Oldfield, dead and gone!
Engaging Oldfield ! who, with grace and ease,
Could join the arts, to ruin and to please.

Not so, who of ten thousand gull'd her knight,
Then ask'd ten thousand for a second night ;
The gallant too, to whom she pay'd it down,
Liv'd to refuse that mistress half a crown *.

Con. Philips cries, " A sneaking dog I hate,"
That's all three lovers have for their estate !
" Treat on, treat on," is her eternal note,
And lands and tenements go down her throat.
Some damn the jade, and some the cullies blame,
But not Sir H——t, for he does the same.

With

* This is a piece of travelling scandal, related of the late Duchefs of C——d, and the late Duke of M——h.

E. C.

Fufidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,
 Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis.
 Quinas hic capiti mercedes exfecat ; atque
 Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urget.
 Nomina sectatur, modo sumpta veste virili
 Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
 Jupiter, exclamat, simul atque audivit ? “ At in se
 “ Pro quæstu sumtum facit hic.” Vix credere possis
 Quam sibi non sit amicus : ita ut Pater ille, Terentî
 Fabula quem miserum gnato vixisse fugato
 Inducit, non se pejus cruciaverit atque hic.

Si quis nunc quærat, Quo res hæc pertinet ? Illuc :
 “ Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.”
 Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat : est qui
 Inguen ad obscœnum subductis usque facetus :
 Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
 Nil medium est. Sunt qui nolint tetigisse, nisi illas,
 Quarum subsuta talos tegat instita veste :
 Contra alius nullam, nisi olente in fornice stantem.

Quidam notus homo cum exiret fornice ; “ Maeste

“ Virtute

With all a woman's virtues but the pox,
 Fufidia thrives in money, land, and stocks :
 For int'rest, ten *per cent.* her constant rate is ;
 Her body ! hopeful heirs may have it *gratis*.
 She turns her very sister to a Job,
 And, in the happy minute, picks your fob :
 Yet starves herself, so little her own friend,
 And thirsts and hungers only at one end :
 A self-tormentor, worse than (in the * Play)
 The wretch, whose av'rice drove his son away.

But why all this ? Beloved, 'tis my theme :
 " Women and fools are always in extreme."
 Rufa's at either end a common-snoar,
 Sweet Moll and Jack are civet-cat and boar :
 Nothing in nature is so lewd as Peg,
 Yet, for the world, she would not shew her leg !
 While bashful Jenny, ev'n at morning prayer,
 † Spreads her fore-buttocks to the navel-bare.
 But diff'rent taste in diff'rent men prevails,
 And one is fir'd by heads, and one by tails ;
 Some feel no flames but at the court or ball,
 And others hunt white aprons in the Mall.

My lord of L—n, chancing to remark
 A noted Dean much busy'd in the Park,

" Proceed

* See my Terence, Heautontimorumenos : there is
 nothing in Dr. Hare's. BENT.

† A verse taken from Mr. Pope ; of which ; Mr. Pope
 is so fond, that he has made use of it no less than three
 times. E. C.

“ Virtute esto, inquit, sententia dia Catonis,
 “ Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,
 “ Huc juvenes æquum est descendere, non alienas
 “ Permolere uxores.——”

—Nolim laudari, inquit,

Sic me, mirator CUNNI CUPENNIUS ALBI*.

Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
 Qui mœchos non voltis, ut omni parte laborent;
 Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
 Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter sæpe pericla.
 Hic se præcipitem tecto dedit : ille flagellis
 Ad mortem cæsus : fugiens hic decedit acrem
 Prædonum in turbam : dedit hic pro corpore nummos :
 Hunc perminxerunt calones ; quin etiam illud
 Accidit, ut † cuidam TESTIS, CAUDAMQUE
 SALACEM

Demeterent ferro. Jure omnes. Galba negabat.

Tutior

* CUNNI CUPENNIUS ALBI, Hoary Shrine.
 “ Here the imitator grievously errs. *Cunus albus* by no
 “ means signifying a white or grey garment; which thing
 “ may be either black, brown, or party-colour’d.” BENT.
 † TESTIS CAUDAMQUE SALACEM Demeterent
 ferro “ (for so I say, and not *demeteret ferrum*) bleeds in
 “ person. Silly ! was he let blood by a surgeon ? How short
 “ is this of the amputation of the *testes* and *cauda salax* ?
 “ What ignorance also of ancient learning appears in his
 “ shallow translation of *perminxerunt*, totally missing the
 “ mark, and not entering into the deep meaning of the
 “ author.”

“ Proceed (he cry’d) proceed, my reverend brother,
 “ ’Tis *fornicatio simplex*, and no other.
 “ Better than lust for boys, with Pope and Turk,
 “ Or others spouses, like * my Lord of —.”

May no such praise (cries J——s) e’er be mine,
 J——s, who bows at Hi—sb—w’s hoary shrine.

All you, who think the city ne’er can thrive,
 ’Till ev’ry cuckold-maker’s flead alive,
 Attend, while I their miseries explain,
 And pity men of pleasure still in pain !
 Survey the pangs they bear, the risques they run,
 Where the most lucky are but last undone.
 See wretched Monsieur flies to save his throat,
 And quits his mistress, money, ring, and note !
 K—— of his footman’s borrow’d livery stript,
 By worthier footmen pist upon and whipt !
 Plunder’d by thieves, or lawyers, which is worse,
 One bleeds in person, and one bleeds in purse ;
 This meets a blanket, and that meets a cudgel—
 And all applaud the Justice—All, but † Budgell.

* Others read Lord Mayor ||.

|| Cork would have stop’d this hole.

E. C.

† A gentleman as celebrated for his gallantries as his
 politicks ; an entertaining history of which may be pub-
 lished, without the least scandal on the ladies.

E. CURL †.

† This opinion I agree to as true, but that this note was mine,
 is false.

E. C.

Tutior at quanto merx est in classe secunda !
 Libertinarum dico : Sallustius in qua
 Non minus insanit, quam qui mœchatur. At hic si,
 Qua res, qua ratio suaderet, quaque modeste
 Munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
 Esse ; daret quantum satis esset, nec sibi damno
 Dedecorique foret. Verum hoc se amplectitur uno,
 Hoc amat & laudat : Matronam nullam ego tango.

Ut quondam Marsæus amator Originis, ille
 Qui patrium mimæ donat fundumque laremque,
 Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus unquam alienis.
 Verum est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus : unde
 Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit. An tibi
 abunde

Personam satis est, non illud, quicquid ubique
 Officit, evitare ? bonam deperdere famam,
 Rem patris oblimare, malum est ubicumque, Quid
 inter-
 Est in matrona, ancilla, peccesne togata ?

Villius in Fausta Sullæ gener, hoc miser uno
 Nomine deceptus, poenas dedit usque, superque
 Quam satis est ; pugniscæsus, ferroque petitus,
 Exclusus fore, cum Longareus foret intus.

Huic

How much more safe, dear countrymen ! his state,
 Who trades in frigates of the second rate ?
 And yet some care of S—ft should be had,
 Nothing so mean for which he can't run mad ;
 His wit confirms him but a slave the more,
 And makes a princess whom he found a whore.
 The youth might save much trouble and expence,
 Were he a dupe of only common sense.
 But here's his point ; a wench (he cries) for me !
 " I never touch a dame of quality."

To P—l—r's bed no actresses comes amiss,
 He courts the whole *personæ dramatis* :
 He too can say, " With wives I never sin :"
 But singing-girls and mimicks draw him in.
 Sure, worthy Sir, the diff'rence is not great,
 With whom you lose your credit and estate ?
 This, or that person, what avails to shun ?
 What's wrong is wrong, where-ever it be done :
 The ease, support, and lustre of your life,
 Destroy'd alike with strumpet, maid, or wife.

What push'd poor E—s on th' imperial whore ?
 'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
 The fatal steel unjustly was apply'd,
 When not his lust offended, but his pride :
 Too hard a penance for defeated sin,
 Himself shut out, and Jacob Hall * let in.

D 2

Suppose

* A famous rope-dancer.

Huic si, mutonis verbis, mala tanta videnti
Diceret hæc animus: Quid vis tibi? numquid ego
a te

Magno prognatum deposco consule * CUNNUM,
Velatumque stola, mea cum conferbuit ira?
Quid responderet? Magno patre nata puella est.

At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiaque istis,
Dives opis natura suæ! ut si modo recte
Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis
Inmiscere.

———Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? quare, non pœniteat te,
Define matronas sectarier: unde laboris
Plus haurire mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.

Nec magis huic, inter niveos viridesque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum est femur, aut crus
Rectius: atque etiam melius persæpe togatæ est.

Adde

* *Magno prognatum deposco consule Cunnum.*

“A thing descended from the conqueror.”

A thing descended — why *thing*? the poet has it
Cunnum; which, therefore, boldly place here. BENT.

Suppose that honest part that rules us all,
 Should rise, and say—" Sir Robert ! or Sir Paul !
 " Did I demand, in my most vig'rous hour,
 " A thing descended from the conqueror ?
 " Or when my pulse beat highest, ask for any
 " Such nicety as Lady or Lord Fanny ?"—
 What would you answer ? could you have the face,
 When the poor suff'rer humbly mourn'd his case,
 To cry, " You weep the favours of her * GRACE ?" }

Hath not indulgent nature spread a feast,
 † And giv'n enough for man, enough for beast ?
 But man corrupt, perverse in all his ways,
 In search of vanities from nature strays :
 Yea, tho' the blessing's more than he can use,
 Shuns the permitted, the forbid pursues !
 Weigh well the cause from whence these evils spring,
 'Tis in thyself, and not in God's good thing :
 Then, lest repentance punish such a life,
 Never, ah ! never ! kifs thy neighbour's wife.

First, silks and diamonds veil no finer shape,
 Or plumper thigh, than lurk in humble crape :

D 3

And

* Spoken not of one particular dutcheffs, but of divers dutcheffes.

† The original manuscript has it,
 — " Spread a feast
 " Of ——— enough for man, enough for beast :"
 but we prefer the present, as the purer diction.

Adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat ; aperte
 Quod venale habet, ostendit ; neque si quid honesti est
 Jactat habetque palam, quærit quo turpia celet.

Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur opertos
 Inspiciunt : ne si facies, ut sæpe, decora
 Molli fulta pede est ; emtorem ducat hiantem,
 Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.
 Hoc illi recte. Tu corporis optima Lyncei
 Contemplare oculis ; Hypsæa cæcior, illa
 Quæ mala sunt, spectas, O crus, O brachia ! verum
 Depygis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est.

Matronæ, præter faciem, nil cernere possis ;
 Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.
 Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
 Hoc facit insanum) multa tibi tum officient res ;
 Custodes, lectica, ciniffones, parasitæ ;
 Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata palla :
 Plurima, quæ invideant purè apparere tibi rem.

Altera

And secondly, how innocent a belle
Is she who shews what ware she has to sell;
Not lady-like, displays a milk-white breast,
And hides in sacred fluttishness the rest.

Our ancient kings (and sure those kings were wise,
Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own eyes)
A war-horse never for the service chose,
But ey'd him round, and stript of all the cloaths;
For well they knew, proud trappings serve to hide
A heavy chest, thick neck, or heavy side.
But fools are ready chaps, agog to buy,
Let but a comely fore-hand strike the eye:
No eagle sharper, every charm to find,
To all defects, Ty——y not so blind:
Goose-rump'd, hawk-nos'd, swan-footed, is my dear:
They'll praise her elbow, heel, or tip o' th' ear.

A lady's face is all you see undress'd;
(For none but Lady M—— show'd the rest)
But if to charms more latent you pretend,
What lines encompass, and what works defend!
Dangers on dangers! obstacles by dozens!
Spies, guardians, guests, old women, aunts, and
cozens*!

Could you directly to her person go,
Stays will obstruct above, and hoops below,
And if the dame says yes, the dress says no.

}

D 4

Not

* There is a famous stay-maker of this name, which
stiffens the *double entendre* here meant. E. C.

Altera nil obstat: Cois tibi pene videre est
Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:
Metiri possis oculo latus, an tibi mavis
Insidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante
Quam mercem ostendi?

LEPOREM venator ut alta
In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit :
Cantat, & adponit MEUS est amor huic similis, nam
Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat.
Hiscene versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,
Atque æstus, curasque graves e pectore tolli ?
Nonne, cupidinibus statuatur natura modum quem,
Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,
Quærere plus prodest ; & inane abscindere soldo ?
Num, tibi cum fauces urit fitis, aurea quæris
Pocula ? num esuriens fastidis omnia præter
* Pavonem rhombumque ? tument tibi cum inguina,
num, si
Ancilla aut verna est præsto puer, impetus in quem
Continuo fiat, malis tentigine rumpi ?
Non ego : namque “ parabilem amo venerem, faci-
“ lemque.”

ILLAM

* PAVONEM, Pea-chicks.] " Not ill render'd,
 " meaning a *young* or *soft piece*, Anglice a *tid-bit*: such as
 " that delicate youth Cerinthus, whose flesh, our Horace
 " expressly says, was as *tender as a lady's*, and our Imi-
 " tator turn'd

Such nicety, as Lady or Lord F——

“ not amiss truly ; it agrees with my own reading of *tu*
 “ *femore*, instead of *tuum femur*, and favours of the true
 “ taste of antiquity.” BENT.

BENT.

Not thus at Needham's * ; your judicious eye
May measure there the breast, the hip, the thigh !
And will you run to perils, sword, and law,
All for a thing you ne'er so much as saw ?

“ The hare once seiz'd, the hunter heeds no more
“ The little scut he so pursu'd before,
“ Love follows flying game (as Sucklyn) sings
“ And 'tis for that the wanton boy has wings.”
Why let him sing—but when you're in the wrong,
Think you to cure the mischief with a song ?
Has nature set no bounds to wild desire ?
No sense to guide, no reason to enquire,
What solid happiness, what empty pride ?
And what is best indulg'd, or best deny'd ?
If neither gems adorn, nor silver tip
The flowing bowl, will you not wet your lip ?
When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,
Except on Pea-Chicks, at the Bedford-head † ?
Or when a tight, neat girl, will serve the turn,
In errant pride continue stiff, and burn ?
I'm a plain man, whose maxim is profess'd,
“ The thing at hand is of all things the best.”

But

- * A *quondam* bawd of high renown,
“ In whose apartments P—— has oft been seen,
“ Patting fore-buttocks, to divert the spleen.”

† A noted tavern for eating, drinking, and gaming, in
Southampton-street, Covent-garden. E. C.

ILLAM, post paulo, sed pluris si exierit vir,
 Gallis: hanc Philodemus ait sibi, quæ neque magno
 Stet pretio; nec cunctetur, cum est iussa venire.
 Candida rectaque sit; munda hactenus, ut neque
 longa,

Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
 Hæc, ubi supposuit dextro corpus mihi lævum,
 Ilia & Egeria est: do nomen quodlibet illi.
 Nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurat;
 Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno
 Pulsa domus strepitu resonet: ne pallida lecto
 Defiliat mulier; miseram se conscia clamet;
 Cruribus hæc metuat, doti hæc deprensa, egomet mi.
 Discincta tunica fugiendum est, ac pede nudo;
 Ne nummi pereant, aut pyga, aut denique fama.
 Deprendi miserum est; Fabio vel iudice vincam.

But her who will, and then will not comply,
 Whose word is If, Perhaps, and By-and-by,
 Z—ds ! let some eunuch or platonic take——
 So B——t cries, philosopher and rake !
 Who asks no more (right reasonable peer)
 Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear.
 Give me a willing nymph ! 'tis all I care,
 Extremely clean, and tolerably fair,
 Her shape her own, whatever shape she have,
 And just that white and red which nature gave.
 Her I transported touch, transported view,
 And call her Angel ! Goddess ! M——ue !
 No furious husband thunders at the door ;
 No barking dog, no household in a roar ;
 From gleaming swords no shrieking women run ;
 No wretched wife cries out, Undone ! Undone !
 Seiz'd in the fact, and in her cuckold's pow'r,
 She kneels, she weeps, and worse ! resigns her dow'r.
 Me, naked me, to posts, to pumps they draw,
 To shame eternal, or eternal law.
 Oh love ! be deep tranquillity my luck * !
 No mistress H—ysh—m near, no Lady B——ck !
 For, to be taken, is the dev'l in hell ;
 This truth, let L——l, J——ys, O——w tell.

* Here the Imitator errs. The Latin has it *dum futuo*,
 a most necessary circumstance ! which ought to be *restored* ;
 and may, by the change of a *single word*, be the *same*
 with that of the author, and one which wou'd marvellously
 agree with the ladies in the second line.

*An Epistle to HENRY CROMWELL, Esq **.

By Mr. P O P E.

DEAR MR. CROMWELL,

MAY it please ye!

Sit still a moment ; pray be easy——
 Faith 'tis not five ; no play's begun ;
 No game at Ombre lost or won.
 Read something of a diff'rent nature
 Than Evening Post, or Observator ;
 And pardon me a little fooling,
 —Just while the coffee stands a cooling.

Since your acquaintance with one Brocas †,
 Who needs will back the muses cock-horse,
 I know you dread all those who write,
 And both with mouth and hand recite ;
 Who slow, and leisurely rehearse
 As loth t' enrich you with their verse ;
 Just as a still, with simples in it,
 Betwixt each drop stays half a minute.
 (That simile is not my own,
 But lawfully belongs to Donne ;
 You see how well I can contrive a
Interpolatio furtiva)

To

* The author's age 19.

† Commonly call'd Beau *Brocas*.

To Brocas' lays no more you listen,
 Than to the wicked works of Whifton ;
 In vain he strains to reach your ear,
 With what it, wisely, will not hear :
 You bless the power who made that organ
 Deaf to the voice of such a Gorgon,
 (For so one sure may call that head,
 Which does not look, but read men dead.)

I hope you think me none of those
 Who shew their parts as Pentlow does :
 I but lug out to one or two
 Such friends, if such there are, as you,
 Such, who read Heinsius and Masson,
 And as you please to pass their doom,
 (Who are to me both Smith and Johnson)
 So seize them flames, or take them Tonson.

But, Sir, from Brocas, Foulcr, me,
 In vain you think to 'scape Rhyme-free :
 When was it known one bard did follow
 Whig-maxims, and abjure Apollo ?
 Sooner shall major-general cease
 To talk of war, and live in peace ;
 Yourself for goose reject crow-quill,
 And for plain Spanish quit Brasil ;
 Sooner shall Rowe lampoon the Union,
 Tydcombe take oaths on the Communion ;
 The Granville's write their name plain Greenfield,
 Nay, Mr. Wycherly see Binfield.

I'm

I'm told, you think to take a step some
 Ten miles from town t' a place call'd Epsom,
 To treat those nymphs like yours of Drury,
 With —— I protest, and I'll assure ye ;——
 But tho' from flame to flame you wander,
 Beware ; your heart's no Salamander !
 But burnt so long, may soon turn tinder,
 And so be fir'd by any cinder-
 (Wench, I'd have said, did rhyme not hinder)
 Shou'd it so prove, yet who'd admire ?
 'Tis known, a cook-maid roasted Prior ;
 Lardella fir'd a famous author,'
 And for a butcher's well-fed daughter
 Great D—s roar'd, like ox at slaughter.

(Now, if you're weary of my style,
 Take out your box of right Brasil,
 First lay this paper under, then,
 Snuff just three times, and read again.)

I had to see you some intent,
 But for a curst impediment,
 Which spoils full many a good design,
 That is to say, the want of coin.
 For which, I had resolv'd almost,
 To raise Tiberius Gracchus' ghost ;
 To get, by once more murd'ring Caius,
 As much as did Septimuleius ;
 But who so dear will buy the lead,
 That lies within a poet's head,

As that which in the hero's pate
Deserv'd of gold an equal weight ?

Sir, you're so stiff in your opinion,
I wish you do not turn Socinian ;
Or prove reviver of a schism,
By modern wits call'd Quixotism.
What mov'd you, pray, without compelling,
Like Trojan true, to draw for Hellen ?
Quarrel with Dryden for a strumpet,
(For so she was, as e'er show'd rump yet,
Tho' I confess, she had much grace,
Especially about the face.)
Virgil, when call'd Pasiphae Virgo
(You say) he'd more good-breeding ; *Ergo—*
Well argu'd, faith ! your point you urge
As home, as ever did Panurge:
And one may say of Dryden too,
(As once you said of you know who)
He had some fancy, and cou'd write ;
Was very learn'd, but not polite—
However, from my soul I judge
He ne'er (good man) bore Hellen grudge,
But lov'd her full as well it may be,
As e'er he did his own dear lady *.
You have no cause to take offence, Sir,
Z——ds, you're as sour as Cato Censor ;
Ten times more like him, I profess,
Than I'm like Aristophanes.

To

* Mr. Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard.

To end with news——the best I know
 Is, I've been well a week, or so.
 The season of green pease is fled,
 And artichokes reign in their stead.
 Th' allies to bomb Toulon prepare ;
 G—d save the pretty ladies there !
 One of our dogs is dead and gone,
 And I, unhappy ! left alone.

If you have any consolation
 T' administer on this occasion,
 Send it, I pray, by the next post,
 Before my sorrow be quite lost.

The twelfth or thirteenth day of *July*,
 But which, I cannot tell you truly*.

* 1707.

The TRANSLATOR.*By Mr. POPE.*

OZELL, at Sanger's * call, invoc'd his Muse, }
 For who to sing for Sanger cou'd refuse ? }
 His numbers such as Sanger's self might use. }
 Reviving Perault, murd'ring Boileau, he
 Slander'd the ancients first, then Wycherley ;
 Which yet not much that old bard's anger rais'd,
 Since those were slander'd most, whom Ozell prais'd.
 Nor had the gentle satire caus'd complaining,
 Had not sage Rowe pronounc'd it entertaining ;
 How great must be the judgment of that writer,
 Who the Plain-dealer damns, and prints the Biter † !

* Egbert Sanger served his apprenticeship with Jacob Tonson, and succeeded Bernard Lintot in his shop at the Middle Temple gate, Fleet-street ; Lintot printed Ozell's translation of Perault's Characters, and Sanger his translation of Boileau's Lutrin, recommended by Mr. Rowe, anno 1709.

† The *Biter*, an unsuccessful comedy by Mr. Rowe.

ROXANA, or the DRAWING-ROOM.

By Mr. POPE.

ROXANA from the court returning late,
 Sigh'd her soft sorrow at St. James's gate :
 Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast ;
 Not her own chairmen with more weight oppress :

VOL. I.

E

They

They curse the cruel weight they're doom'd to bear ;
 She in more gentle sounds express'd her care.

Was it for this, that I these roses wear ?
 For this, new-set the jewels for my hair ?
 Ah Princess ! with what zeal have I pursu'd ?
 Almost forgot the duty of a prude.
 This King, I never could attend too soon ;
 I miss'd my pray'rs, to get me dress'd by noon.
 For thee, ah ! what for thee did I resign ?
 My passions, pleasures, all that e'er was mine :
 I've sacrific'd both modesty, and ease ;
 Left operas, and went to filthy plays :
 Double entendres shock'd my tender ear ;
 Yet even this, for thee, I chuse to bear :
 In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
 And ev'ry joy of life before me lay ;
 By honour prompted, and by pride restrain'd,
 The pleasures of the young my soul disdain'd ;
 Sermons I sought, and with a mien severe,
 Censur'd my neighbours, and said daily pray'r.
 Alas, how chang'd ! with this same sermon-mien,
 The filthy What-d'ye-call-it—I have seen.
 Ah, royal Princess ! for whose sake I lost
 The reputation, which so dear had cost ;
 I, who avoided ev'ry public place,
 When bloom and beauty bid me show my face,
 Now near thee, constant, I each night abide,
 With never-failing duty by thy side ;

Myself

Myself and daughters standing in a row,
 To all the foreigners a goodly shew.
 Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,
 And merchants wives close by your side had been ;
 Had I not amply fill'd the empty place,
 And sav'd your Highness from the dire disgrace :
 Yet Cockatilla's artifice prevails,
 When all my duty and my merit fails :
 That Cockatilla, whose deluding airs
 Corrupts our virgins, and our youth ensnares ;
 So sunk her character, and lost her fame,
 Scarce visited, before your Highness came ;
 Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis she you chuse,
 Whilst zeal, and fame, and virtue you refuse.
 Ah worthy choice ! not one of all your train
 Which censures blast not, or dishonours stain.
 I know the court, with all its treach'rous wiles,
 The false caresses, and undoing smiles.
 Ah Princess ! learn'd in all the courtly arts,
 To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts.

The LOOKING-GLASS *.*By* Mr. POPE.

WITH scornful mien, and various tofs of air,
 Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
 Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
 She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.
 Far other carriage grac'd her virgin life,
 But charming G—y's lost, in P—y's wife.
 Not greater arrogance in him we find,
 And this conjunction swells at least her mind :
 O could the fire, renown'd in glass, produce
 One faithful mirrour for his daughter's use !
 Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
 And by reflection learn to mend her face :
 The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
 Be what she was, and charm mankind once more.

* These verses were possibly secreted, from the author's becoming soon after acquainted with the lady and her husband on whom they were written, as appears by a letter to Mr. Gay, Nov. 8, 1718.

The CHALLENGE. A Court Ballad.

By Mr. P O P E.

To the Tune of, *To all you Ladies now at Land, &c.*

I.

TO *one* fair lady out of court,
And *two* fair ladies in,
Who think the *Turk* *, and *Pope* † a sport,
And wit and love no sin;
Come, these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
To *Bellenden*, *Lepell*, and *Griffin*.

With a fa, la, la.

II.

What passes in the dark third row,
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack.

With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to courts should I repair,
Where's such ado with *Townshend*?
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And every speech with *Zounds* end;
To hear 'em rail at honest *Sunderland*,
And rashly blame the realm of *Blunderland* ‡.

With a fa, la, la.

* *Ulrick*, the little Turk.

† The Author.

‡ Ireland.

IV.

Alas! like *Schutz* I cannot pun,
 Like *Grafton* court the Germans;
 Tell *Pickenbourg* how slim she's grown,
 Like *Meadows* run to sermons;
 To court ambitious men may roam,
 But I and *Marlbro'* stay at home.

With a fa, la, la.

V.

In truth, by what I can discern,
 Of courtiers 'twixt you *three*,
 Some wit you have, and more may learn
 From court, than *Gay* or *Me*:
 Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
 To sup with us on milk and quiet.

With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At Leiceſter-Fields, a houſe full high,
 With door all painted green,
 Where ribbons wave upon the tye,
 (A Milliner I mean;)
 There may you meet us *three to three*,
 For *Gay* can well make two of *Me*.

With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But ſhou'd you catch the prudiſh itch,
 And each become a coward,
 Bring ſometimes with you lady *Rich*,
 And ſometimes miſtreſs *Howard*;
 For virgins to keep chafte muſt go
 Abroad with ſuch as are not ſo.

VIII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends;

God send the king safe landing*;

And make all honest ladies friends

To armies that are standing;

Preserve the limits of these nations,

And take off ladies limitations.

With a fa, la, la.

* This Ballad was written anno 1717.

The THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS*.

By Mr. POPE.

OF gentle Philips will I ever sing,
 With gentle Philips shall the vallies ring.
 My numbers too for ever will I vary,
 With gentle Budgell, and with gentle Carey.
 Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
 With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell.
 Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
 Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
 May satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
 And from all wits that have a knack, Gad save ye.

* The Three Gentle Shepherds being left out by Mr. Pope, seems sufficiently explain'd in the letter to an honourable person, June 8th, 1714, and the Dunciad.

LINES *copied from Mr. POPE's Hand-writing,
on a Scrap of Paper.*

BUT our great Turks in wit must reign alone,
And ill can bear a brother on the throne.

Can bear no living brother on the throne.

Wit has its bigots, who can bear no jest,
Who to be fav'd by one, must damn the rest.

Wit is like faith by such warm tools profess.

Wits starve, as useless to a common-weal,
While fools have places, purely for their zeal.

Some who grow dull, religious straight commence,
And gain in morals, what they lose in sense.

Now wits gain praise by copying other wits,
As one hog lives on what another sh—.

Would you your writings to some palates fit,
Purge all your verses from the sin of wit;
For authors now are so conceited grown,
They praise no works but what are like their own.

AN
ESSAY
ON
HUMAN LIFE.

—— *Sapientia prima est*
Stultitia caruisse ——

HOR.

Y A S E

U M A K L I E

fi
a
re
b
fi

lea

T H E
P R E F A C E.

OF all kinds of poetry the Didascalical is the most valuable, if aiming at the good of mankind be what justly entitles any thing to that character. The descriptive kind is like a fine landskip, where you meet with two or three principal figures; the rest is all rocks, rivulets, hanging woods and verdant lawns, amusing to the eye, shewing the taste of the painter, but carrying little instruction along with it. But the Didascalical is like a curious piece of history painting, where every figure must be highly wrought, every passion strongly represented, all contributing in their several degrees to express the main design; in short, it must be a finished piece.

That this is a very difficult work may be collected from the small number of those poets who have ever attempted it. In the early ages of the Grecians, I remember none who have wrote any thing in this way but old Hesiod, Aratus, and Nicander; for Dionysius, the Periegetic, and * Oppian, liv'd not 'till the
time

* Agefilaus, Oppian's father, was a man of great learning and merit as well as wealth and power, in the
city

time of the Roman Emperors. Hesiod's works and days is the only piece remaining that is allow'd to be genuine without dispute; but by Virgil's, and especially Manilius's compliments to him, 'tis highly probable he wrote others, and perhaps more valuable ones, tho' Quintilian allows him the *Palma in illo medio genere dicendi* only, and Le Fevre is much more hard upon him when he makes him little better than an almanack-maker, and his work a mean performance. Paterculus and Plutarch set him next to Homer, as well in the value of his works, as in the period of his age, says Mr. Kennet; but perhaps that may be the other extreme. Aratus wrote a poem, in two books, which he calls the *Phænomena*, and *Diosemeia*, the one astronomical, giving an account of the situation and the affection of the heavenly bodies, the other astrological, shewing the particular influences arising from their various dispositions and relations†. Tully commends him for his versification,

city of Anazarbus in Cilicia, where he liv'd: Severus making a progress, came to that town, and Agefilaus being not at the procession to meet the Emperor at his entrance, probably on account of his age and infirmities, that prince, to punish him for so heinous a crime, banish'd the poor old man to Malta. Oppian, to amuse his father under his misfortune, took to writing of poetry, and afterwards dedicated his *Halieutics* to the Emperor's son. The Emperor was so pleas'd with the poem, that he order'd him a piece of gold for each line, and offer'd him any other favour he would ask. The first part of the story is not at all wonderful, but I must confess the last part is a little surprizing.

† Kennet's lives of the Greek poets.

tion, and Quintilian says, he has fully answer'd his argument, which put together, should make up a pretty good character. As to Nicander, Vossius places him amongst his Greek historians, but allows him to have been *egregius grammaticus, poeta, & medicus*. His surviving works are, however, only poetry upon poisons, and the methods of cure for them. Of the two latter Greek poets, Dionysius and Oppian, the one wrote a survey of the world, and the other Cynegetics and Halieutics, in both which 'tis certain there are very fine parts, however judgments may differ about them.

Amongst the Romans, Lucretius and Manilius may justly be said to be the chief of the Didascalical poets. They both wrote with all the fire of their youth about 'em; for neither of them liv'd to be old. I have always fancy'd Manilius imitated Lucretius in his manner, the beginning of his books being pretty much in the same way, besides, that he loses no occasion of launching out into descriptions, and is florid to a fault. He has likewise some reflections* on the follies of men, so very much of a piece with what you meet with in the 5th book of Lucretius, that one would almost think them taken from thence. In general it may be said, they are both very noble poems, tho' that of Manilius is far from being finish'd, as it might have been, if the author had liv'd. What errors are to be found in the philosophy of the one, and

* The beginning of the fourth book.

and the astronomy of the other, are owing, perhaps, as much to the age of the world at that time, as their own, and their beauties may, in some measure, atone for their faults.

Virgil's *Georgics* are in the same kind, tho' the subjects are of less dignity; and I don't know whether I might not likewise add Ovid, on the account of his *Fasti*, the most correct of all his works: Gratus too, about the same time, wrote his *Cynegetics*, which are very justly esteem'd.

Amongst the moderns, Fracastorius's *Syphilis*, Quillet's *Callipædia*, and Vida's *Art of Poetry*, are the best poems of this sort; Rapin of gardens, and Vanier's *Prædium Rusticum*, are not without their merit, but much inferior to the others. In our own language too we have some poems of this instructive kind: The *Essays on Poetry*, *Translated Verse*, and *Criticism*, are fine instances of the worth and excellency of this manner of writing, to which may be very truly apply'd what Dr. Young says of Satyr,

“ Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
“ Plain satyr calls for sense in every line *.”

The strength of just observations, convey'd in smooth and flowing numbers, has a prevailing influence, insinuates itself into the mind almost imperceptibly, and makes a more lasting impression there than one would easily imagine. 'Tis true these subjects are purely critical, and so of less consequence to mankind

* Universal Passion, Sat. II.

kind in general ; but yet, polishing the understanding, improving the judgment, and regulating the taste, are far from being things indifferent to the world, since they tend not a little to the shaming out of it that rusticity and barbarism, those follies and affectations, in one word, all that littleness of mind which is so effectual a bar in the way of generous and noble undertakings. But we have had of late an undeniable proof that the finest and most useful sort of philosophy, which consists in the knowledge of ourselves, may be convey'd in such clear, strong, easy, and affecting strains, at the same time convincing and captivating the understanding, that there remains no doubt but that poetry in the hands of a great genius, may be made as beneficial as ever it has been entertaining to mankind. The latter effect is indeed what has been generally most aim'd at, as it is compass'd with less difficulty to the writer, and meets with a more universal reception amongst the common sort of readers. * Imagery, fine colouring, and bright antitheses, often disguise the want of justness and force, and by pleasing the imagination, do, as it were, steal away from the judgment, or sometimes impose upon it, as shadows pass for substances with weak, distemper'd or fanciful men.

The *Os magna sonaturum* of Horace would make one almost think the muse must never appear without her

* — *Nec in turbam nec turbæ carmina condam.*

MANIL. L. II.

her buskins, and that all simplicity of expression were to be totally banish'd out of poetical writings. 'Tis true, the Epic Poem, the Ode, and the Tragedy very often require, and consequently justify the use of elevated language, as it may be more suitable to the greatness of the subjects, and better fitted to raise the several passions they are design'd to work upon. But where the appeal lies only to the understanding, self-evident truths, naturally and beautifully express'd, can never fail of the approbation of a sound head and a good taste: And even Horace himself, as elevated and great a poet as he must be allow'd in his *Odes*, appears to much more advantage in his *Sermones* and *Epistles*, where, as my Lord Roscommon observes on another occasion,

“ Fancy labours less, but judgment more.”

Sir John Denham's *Cooper's Hill* has met with universal applause, tho' its subject seems rather descriptive than instructing; but 'tis not the hill, the river, nor the stag chase; 'tis the good sense and the fine reflections so frequently interspers'd, and as it were interwoven with the rest, that gives it the value, and will make it, as was said of true wit, everlasting like the sun.

The late Mr. Prior's *Solomon* seems to have cost him much time and pains, and was, I believe, his favourite performance: He is in some doubt whether to call it a *Didascalical* or *Heroic* poem. It has, indeed,

indeed, something of both, and yet strictly speaking, is perfectly neither: It has not fable, machinery, nor variety enough to be an Heroic poem, and it is too diffusive and luxuriant in the style, too florid and full of descriptions to be of the Didascalical sort. In general, it may be justly said to be a very fine piece; though I must confess I cannot help giving the preference to his *Alma*, in which the design is more closely pursued, carried on with more spirit, and never loses your attention.

Upon the whole, what Mr. Dryden has said in the preface to his *Religio Laici*, is, I think, very true. “ The expressions of a poem, design’d purely for
“ instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and
“ yet majestic: for here the poet is presum’d to
“ be a kind of lawgiver, and those three qualities
“ which I have named, are proper to the legislative
“ style. The florid, elevated and figurative way,
“ is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and
“ anger are begotten in the soul by shewing their
“ objects out of their true proportion; either greater
“ than the life or less; but instruction is to be given
“ by shewing them what they naturally are. A man
“ is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned
“ into truth.”

The following short piece may be perhaps a little too pompously introduced by the foregoing observations; all I shall say for it is, I endeavoured to

follow Mr. Dryden's rules : how far I have succeeded, I can be no proper judge myself. But whatever may be said of the poetry, and about that I am very indifferent, the sentiments must surely be allowed to be just and good ; and I am entirely of Mr. Prior's opinion : " I had rather be thought a good Englishman, " (which is but another word for an honest man) " than the best poet, or greatest scholar that ever " wrote."

[67]

A N

E S S A Y

O N

H U M A N L I F E *.

By Mr. POPE.

PLEASURE but cheats us with an empty name,
Still seems to vary, yet is still the same;
Amusement's all its utmost skill can boast,
By use it lessens, and in thought is lost.
The youth that riots and the age that hoards,
Folly that sacrifices things to words;
Pride, wit and beauty in one taste agree,
'Tis sensual, or 'tis mental luxury.

F 2

Sad

* The Essay on Human Life was printed soon after the Essay on Man was ushered into the world by the same publisher, and asserted in the title to be written by the same author. This circumstance was never contradicted by Mr. Pope. The hint for the performance was probably taken from Dr. Swift's letter, July 23, 1737, where he observes—*From these volumes of letters might be collected the best system that ever was wrote for the conduct of Human Life.*

As to the other poems, they speak for themselves; and as they were universally acknowledged to be Mr. Pope's at their first appearance, they will not, we presume, be disputed now.

Sad state of nature, doom'd to fruitless pain,
 Something to wish and want, but never gain :
 Restless we live, and disappointed die,
 Unhappy, tho' we know not how nor why.

Reason, perhaps, may lend her gen'rous aid ;
 Reason, which never yet her trust betray'd :
 Let her direct us in the doubtful strife,
 Let her conduct us thro' the maze of life.
 Is human reason then from weakness free ?
 Partakes she not of our infirmity ?
 Can she apply, with never-failing art,
 The healing balsam to the wounded part ?
 Correct those errors, which the passions cause,
 And teach the will to follow wisdom's laws ?
 Alas ! experience but too plainly shews,
 That man can act against the truths he knows :
 By customs led, or by allurements won,
 Discern that evil which he cannot shun.
 Whate'er we do, the motive's much the same,
 'Tis impulse governs under reason's name ;
 Each eagerly some fav'rite end pursues,
 And diff'rent tempers furnish diff'rent views.

Is it for fear of wrong, or love of right,
 That statesmen labour, or that warriors fight ?
 T'enrich his country, does the sailor brave
 The cruel pirate, and the threat'ning wave ?

In search of truth, unwearied fages try,
 By certain rules, to fix uncertainty ?
 No ! 'tis desire and hope that drive them on :
 Thus greatest things for meanest ends are done.

Self-love, howe'er disguis'd, misunderstood,
 Howe'er misplac'd, is still the sov'reign good :
 Virtue or wisdom but the vain pretence ;
 These may direct, but passions influence.
 Presumptuous man ! why boasts thou thy free-will,
 By constitution doom'd to good or ill ?
 What feeble checks are all those studied rules,
 Unpractis'd lessons of the useles schools ?
 Say, can thy art, oppos'd to nature's force,
 Obstruct her motions, or suspend her course ?
 Go, change in Africa their sable hue,
 Or make our Europe bring her negroes too ;
 Roll back the tides, forbid the streams to flow,
 Nor let this earth returning seasons know.
 Slave to thyself, whilst lord of all beside,
 Surmount thy weakness, or renounce thy pride.

That moving pow'r, which first produc'd the whole,
 To every thing has fix'd a certain goal :
 Thither all tend, and must their circles run,
 For such the order when the whole begun.

To diff'rent creatures diff'rent ranks assign'd,
 Man claims the first, as of a nobler kind ;
 How just that claim, what wisdom must decide ?
 Reason is his alone, by which 'tis try'd :
 Inferior creatures silently submit,
 'Tis his to talk, and therefore to have wit.
 Thus haughty Greece despis'd the world around,
 And barb'rous, all she understood not, found.

Look o'er the wide creation, see how all
 Its several parts obey the Maker's call :
 The earth how fertile, and how rich the sea,
 In various salts, for nature's chymistry ;
 Slow air digests what burning suns exhale,
 And dews, and snows, and rains, by turns, prevail.
 Beasts, birds, and reptiles, see 'em all conspire,
 To act whate'er their sev'ral states require.
 But wiser man disdains this meaner part,
 Nature, with him, must still give way to art ;
 Vain of conceit, he boasts his fancy'd skill ;
 And, arbitrary, rules the world at will :
 Now fierce and cruel, then as mild and kind,
 Each action owing to each turn of mind ;
 One day a friend, the next as great a foe,
 As humour, pique, caprice, or int'rests go ;
 Wisdom and folly thus, by turns, preside,
 And chance alone inclines to either side.

Ask

Ask the bold freeman, or the coward slave,
 What makes one abject, and the other brave ?
 What gives to fools their faith, to knaves their wiles,
 To cynicks founness, and to flatt'ers smiles ?
 This one great truth must stand by all confess,
 Some ruling passion lurks in ev'ry breast ;
 That weakness by a specious name they call,
 For 'tis that weakness still which governs all.

Wisely the springs of action we conceal :
 Thus fordidness is prudence ; fury, zeal ;
 Ambition makes the public good her care,
 And hypocrites the mask of faintship wear.

Inur'd to falsehood, we ourselves deceive ;
 Oft what we wish, we fancy we believe ;
 We call that judgment which is only will,
 And as we act, we learn to argue ill ;
 Like bigots, who their various creeds defend
 By making reason still to system bend.

Customs or int'rests govern all mankind,
 Some bias cleaves to the unguarded mind ;
 Thro' this, as in a false or flatt'ring glass,
 Things seem to change their natures as they pass.
 Objects the same in diff'rent lights appear,
 And but the colours which we give 'em wear.

Error and fraud from this great source arise,
 All fools are modish, and all knaves are wise.
 Who does not boast some merit of his own,
 Tho' to himself perhaps 'tis only known?
 Each suits reward to his own fav'rite vice,
 Pride has its crowns, and lust its paradise:
 Bonze, priest and dervise, all in this agree,
 That heaven must be pomp or luxury;
 Man, slave to sense, no higher bliss can know,
 Still measures things above by things below.
 Joys much the same, but differ in degree,
 As time enlarg'd becomes eternity.

How vain is all that science we pursue!
 Scorn'd by the many, useles to the few:
 Since short of truth our utmost labours end,
 Who knows but ign'rance is our greatest friend?
 The fruitless pains but shew the weakness more,
 And we, like misers, 'midst our wealth are poor.
 Much hoarded learning but like lumber lies,
 Or ends in guess-work and obscurities.

What tho' proud Greece her seven sages boast?
 The names alone remain, the race is lost.
 Satyrs, and Centaurs too, might live of old,
 (For so we are in ancient story told)

But

But should we doubt in this our faithless age ;
 Who can produce a Centaur or a sage ?
 Such mighty births were nature's first essays,
 The lusty offspring of her youthful days ;
 Our latter times can no such wonders shew,
 But what were giants then, are pigmies now.

Of all the painful follies of mankind,
 Still to be seeking what they ne'er must find,
 Is sure the greatest, not unlike the toil
 Of him who labours in a barren soil. *S*
 Beyond our state if our fond wishes tend,
 Means must be vain where we mistake the end.
 Pride whispers mighty projects in the ear,
 Bids us be great, be wise, be happy here ;
 But sad experience shews the laws of fate,
 And teaches us to know ourselves too late.

Error is a distemper of the mind,
 Hard to be cur'd, because 'tis hard to find ;
 So mixt and blended with our very frame,
 It lurks secure and borrows reason's name.
 In diff'rent persons diff'rent ways it springs,
 'Tis factiousness in subjects, pride in kings ;
 Boundless alike they in extremes agree,
 These in oppression, those in anarchy ;

Both

Both aim at what 'twere ruin to obtain,
A civil phrenzy, or a tyrant reign.

The wise must into nature's secrets pry,
The weak believe they know not what nor why ;
And we may equally deluded call,
Who doubt of nothing, as who doubt of all.
Profane or pious, bigotry's the same,
The motives terror, avarice, or fame.
Opinion is but int'rest in disguise,
And right and wrong in strength of parties lies.

Some wou'd be happy, know nor want nor care,
Others still find more evils than there are ;
Whilst truth unheeded in the midway lies,
And all extremes are like absurdities.

Wrong turns of head are nature's greatest curse,
Improving every day from bad to worse.
In some odd light all objects still they view,
Thus true with them is false, and false is true.
In trifles solemn, diligent and wise,
Important things as trifles they despise ;
Careless enemies, their friends they shun,
And doat on knaves, by whom they are undone.
Deaf to advice, or taking wrong for right,
They boldly blunder on in reason's spite ;

And

And under clearer light's obscure pretence
Are the antipodes of common sense.

Wou'd you persuade a wretch intent on pelf,
Tho' he starves others, not to starve himself;
To fence, at least, his sapless trunk from cold,
Nor seem as fond of tatters as of gold;
No! he's too cunning for your sly design,
You'd have him like yourself, be poor and fine;
But he, in spite of envy, richer grows,
And scorns the luxury of meat and cloaths.
Ask the ambitious why he wastes his life
In needless struggles and uncertain strife?
Why not in peace enjoy what plenty gives?
So the obscure, the weak, the lazy lives;
Exalted spirits have a nobler aim,
And know no happiness but toil and fame.

Well must it suit a selfish hollow heart,
To act the honest patriot's gen'rous part;
No tool of party, nor no slave of state,
No mean dependant on the guilty great;
Boldly he pleads for liberty and laws,
Content to perish in his country's cause;
When lo! a ray divine of favour gleams,
Quite diff'rent topicks then become his themes;

Old

Old friends, old notions are at once forgot,
And shame and wages are the hireling's lot.

The little mind whose joy in mischief lies,
Hates all mankind, but most the good and wise;
Proud of his shame, he boasts his spitefull skill,
And places all his worth in doing ill.
But base-born fear oft checks what rage devis'd,
And leaves him disappointed and despis'd.

Endless the task to point the various ways,
How each wrong head its diff'rent gifts displays;
How poverty in boasts its wants wou'd hide,
And meanness shews itself in awkward pride;
How knaves are cunning at their own expence,
And coxcombs fancy forwardness is sense.
Vain is th' attempt to be what heaven denies,
As vain the art that weakness to disguise.
Prudence alone can teach the useful skill,
T'improve the good, and to correct the ill.
True wisdom lies in practice more than rules,
For what are maxims when apply'd to fools?
Of wit and folly reason all you can,
Who acts most wisely is the wisest man.

Each state of life has its peculiar view,
Alike in each, there is a false and true :

This

This point to fix is reason's use and end,
 On this success all other must depend ;
 But in this point no error can be small,
 To deviate e'er so little, ruins all.

The mark once miss'd, however near you aim,
 Miss'd by an inch or furlong, 'tis the same :
 Who sets out wrong is more than half undone,
 Error has many ways, and truth but one.

Wrong estimates wrong conduct must produce,
 They lose the blessing that mistake its use :
 Who value wealth or pow'r but more or less,
 As that can riot, or as this oppress ;
 What say they else, but that they both are given
 To execute the wrath of angry heaven.

Fools, ever vain, at some distinction aim,
 And fancy madness is the way to fame :
 No matter how the deathless name's acquir'd,
 By countries ravag'd, or a * temple fir'd :
 Alike transmitted down to latter times,
 A Trajan's virtues, and a Nero's crimes.

Means

* Erostratus, a very obscure man, set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus, in order to immortalize his name, and has succeeded in it, in spite of all endeavours to the contrary.

Means are indiff'rent to the ends obtain'd,
 Richard * was guilty, but what then ? he reign'd.
 Wou'd you be good and great, the hope is vain,
 The bus'ness is not to deserve, but gain :
 Fortune is fickle, and but short her stay,
 He comes too late that takes the farthest way.

Is this, O grandeur ! then thy envy'd state,
 To raise men's wonder and provoke their hate ?
 By crimes procur'd, and then in fear enjoy'd,
 By mobs applauded, and by mobs destroy'd.
 Say, mighty cunning, which deserve the prize,
 The courtier's promises or trader's lies ?
 Some short-liv'd profit all the pains rewards '
 Of bankrupt dealers, and of perjur'd lords.

Honest alike, you own, but wiser far,
 The knave upon the bench than at the bar.
 Where lies the diff'rence ? only in degree,
 And higher rank is greater infamy.
 Poor rogues in chains but dangle to the wind,
 Whilst rich ones live the terror of mankind.

Pomp, pow'r and riches, all mere trifles are,
 When purchas'd by the loss of character :

Chance

* Richard the usurper.

Chance may the wife betray, the brave defeat,
 But they correct, or are above their fate.
 Credit once lost can never be retriev'd,
 How few will trust the man who once deceiv'd ?
 Craft, like the mole, works only under ground,
 Is lost in daylight, and destroy'd when found.

Notions mistaken, reas'nings ill apply'd,
 And sophisms that conclude on either side ;
 Alike th' unwary, and the weak mislead,
 Who judge of men and things, as they succeed.
 Did * rivals fall by Borgia's vile deceit,
 A † Machiavel will call a Borgia great :
 The lucky cheat proclaims the villain wife,
 And fraud and murder are but policies.
 The same despair which made good Cato die,
 To Cæsar gave his last great ‡ victory.
 Had right decided, and not fate, the cause,
 Rome had preserv'd her Cato, and her laws.
 Fortune sets off the bad, as tawdry dress
 Shews but the more the wearer's homeliness.

So

* The Vitelli and Orfini basely betray'd and murder'd
 by order of the duke of Valentinois.

† Il Princip. cap. vii.

‡ The battle of Munda against Pompey's son.

So mad Caligula's * vain triumph tells,
 That all his conquests are but cockle shells.
 True merit shines in native splendor bright,
 Whilst false but glares awhile, and hurts the sight :
 As midnight vapours cast a glimm'ring blaze,
 And to the darkness owe their feeble rays.
 The wise † Egyptians when their monarch dy'd,
 By truth's sure standard all his actions try'd.
 When no false lustre, wealth, or pow'r appears
 To bias judgment by its hopes or fears ;
 Then conqu'ring chiefs, profuse of subjects blood,
 And lazy dotards, indolently good,
 That trust their people to a fav'rite's care,
 Whose peaceful rapines cost them more than war,
 By injur'd thousands wrongs are doom'd to be
 Perpetual marks of scorn and infamy.

Fortune with fools, and wit with knaves you find ;
 'Tis social virtue shews the noble mind.
 Above low wisdom, cunning's mean pretence,
 There is no counterfeiting excellence :
 The artful head may act the honest part,
 But all true honour rises from the heart.

Faults

* Caligula drew up his army in battle array on the coast, and then order'd them to gather shells, for which great exploit he return'd to Rome in triumph. See Suetonius.

† See Diodorus Siculus in the first book.

Faults are in all ; but here the diff'rence lies,
Clodius had vices, Tully vanities.

Which serv'd his country best, let story shew,
A guilty Clodius, or good Cicero ?
Who loves mankind by social duty taught,
Will never think their good too dearly bought.
What tho' he sacrifice the vain desire
Of some gay baubles which the world admire ?
Despising riches and abhorring pow'r,
When blasted with the name of plunderer.
Still he may taste life's greatest good, content,
For who so happy as the innocent ?

Jugurtha * murder'd, brib'd and fought his way
From subject station to imperial sway ;
But insecure 'midst all his guilty state,
The man was wretched, tho' the monarch great ;
Like Cromwell daring in the doubtful fight,
But † pale and trembling in the dead of night.

Passion

* King of Numidia, famous for his wars with the
Romans ; remarkable for his bravery and his crimes.

† Sall. Bell. Jugur. *Neque post id locorum Jugurthæ dies
aut nox ulla quieta fuit : Neque loco, neque mortali cuiquam
aut tempori satis credere : — Alio atque alio loco sæpè contra
decus regium noctu requiescere —*

Clarendon hist. rebell. of Cromwell he says, He was
not easy of access, nor so much as seen abroad, and seem'd

VOL. I.

G

to

Passion is lawless, headstrong youth is mad,
 But nature varies not in good and bad.
 From the same causes same effects must flow,
 Truth is but what it was an age ago :
 Modes may be chang'd, but truths are stubborn things,
 They court not fav'rites, nor will flatter kings.

Rome had her Cæsar, and our Cromwell we,
 Alike in fortune, pow'r and infamy ;
 And shou'd new Cæsars and new Cromwells rise,
 They could but act the same dull tragedies :
 Foes to mankind, themselves, and virtue's rules,
 Whilst living heroes, and when dead but fools.

Fools, not to know the glory they pursue,
 To honest bravery alone is due :
 Not he who stretches his unjust command,
 And rudely triumphs o'er his native land ;
 But he whose valour saves a sinking state,
 In future annals shall be call'd the Great.

View well this world, and own the dear-bought truth,
 That happiness is but the dream of youth :

State

to be in some disorder when his eyes found any stranger
 in the room, &c. rarely lodg'd two nights in one
 chamber, &c.

State of perfection, not for man design'd,
 Howe'er the fond idea fills his mind ;
 Itself an evil, whilst to good it tends,
 But in a round of disappointments ends.
 Man's state in life's uncertain, mixt at best,
 Conduct some little does, but fate the rest :
 Fantastic fate ! to merit ever blind,
 Whilst lavish to the worst of all mankind.

Judge then by outward things, you're sure to err,
 And inward lie remote, few look so far.
 Appearances still guide, and still deceive,
 For giddy crowds must wonder and believe.

Who sees gay Codrus loll in gilt machine,
 Grand his attendance, and self-pleas'd his mien :
 Can he imagine all these trappings hide
 A wretch made up of folly, guilt and pride ?
 Greedy to get, as he's profuse to spend,
 Stiff when attended, servile to attend ;
 Good but by accident, by habit bad,
 In reas'ning specious, and in acting mad.

Princes we blame for benefits misplac'd,
 Some ill man rais'd, perhaps some good disgrac'd :
 Cruel their lot ! whom numbers join to blind !
 How hard, 'midst labyrinths, the way to find !

For fortune's sons we see, without surprize,
 Thrive by mismanagements, by blunders rise :
 Events, like atoms, jumbling in a dance,
 Create these wonders, like a world, by chance.

Search time's records, compare the old and new,
 Set distant ages in one point of view ;
 Still the same prospects, under diff'rent dates,
 All dark decrees of over-ruling fates :
 Madness succeeds, where cautious wisdom fails,
 And story's self more strange than fairy's tales :
 Reason but seeks the hidden clue in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in th' entangled scene.

Where then the wonder, if succeeding times
 Still vary only in the kinds of crimes ?
 Ages of iron, silver, gold, or lead,
 What are they but the emblems of the dead ?
 The same low ends, by diff'rent means obtain'd,
 As fury, avarice, or folly reign'd.

In vain grave moralists, with specious skill,
 Nicely distinguish actions, good and ill.
 The world is led by much more easy rules,
 Success determines who are wise or fools.
 Causes lie hid, but their effects appear,
 Few men can judge, but all can see and hear.

Each age must truckle to the reigning modes,
 And worship devils, when they've made them gods ;
 Call rapine industry, distraction sense,
 And stupid squandering, magnificence :
 No folly, crime, or whim too wild to be
 Admir'd, when drest in fashion's livery.

See the same notions variously receiv'd,
 Legends, impostures, every thing believ'd ;
 See priests and tyrants full obedience find,
 And sacred gibberish enslave mankind.
 View next, with wonder, an extreme as odd,
 Who knelt to carv'd work, now denies a God.
 Wretches from chains and bondage just set free,
 Presumptuous ! know no bounds of liberty.
 Wicked or pious, in a frantick way,
 Mad, they blaspheme, or superstitious, pray.

By chance we live and act, now right, now wrong,
 Both in excess, and therefore neither long :
 Virtues too rigid, soften by degrees,
 Refine themselves at first to policies :
 When once declining, swiftly downwards tend,
 And then in guilt and prostitutions end.
 Follies, tho' opposite, yet still combine,
 And jointly carry on heav'n's great design.

Changes of manners change of empire cause,
 States sink by licence, as they rose by laws.
 Thus human things their stated circles run,
 Who flourish one age, are the next undone.

Virtue alone, unchangeable and wise,
 Secure, above the reach of fortune lies,
 Tho' doom'd to meanness, poverty or scorn;
 Whilst fools and tyrants are to empire born:
 Blest in an humble, but a peaceful state,
 She feels no envy, and she fears no hate;
 With stoick calmness views life's empty round,
 Where good is sparing sown, but ills abound.

To the Prince of ORANGE, 1677.

By EDMUND WALLER, of Beaconsfield.

I.

WELCOME, great Prince, unto this land,
 Skill'd in the arts of war and peace;
 Your birth does call you to command,
 Your nature does incline to peace.

II.

When Holland by her foes oppress,
 No longer could sustain their weight;
 To a native Prince they thought it best
 To recommend their dying state.

III.

Your very name did France expell ;
 Those conquer'd towns which lately cost
 So little blood, unto you fell
 With the same ease they once were lost.

IV.

'Twas not your force did them defeat ;
 They neither felt your sword nor fire ;
 But seem'd willing to retreat,
 And to your greatness did conspire.

V.

Nor have you since ingrateful been,
 When at Seneff you did expose,
 And at Mount Cassal, your own men
 Whereby you might secure your foes.

VI.

Let Maestricht siege enlarge your name,
 And your retreat at Charleroy ;
 Warriors by flying may gain fame,
 And Parthian-like their foes destroy.

VII.

Thus Fabius gain'd repute of old,
 When Roman glory gasping lay ;
 In council slow, in action cold,
 His country sav'd, running away.

VIII.

What better method could you take ?
 When you by beauty's charms must move,
 And must at once a progress make
 I'th' stratagems of war and love.

IX.

He that a Princess' heart would gain,
 Must learn submissively to yield ;
 The stubborn ne'er their ends obtain ;
 The vanquish'd masters are o'th' field.

X.

Go on, brave Prince, with like success,
 Still to encrease your hop'd renown ;
 Till to your conduct and address,
 Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

XI.

Proud Alva with the power of Spain
 Could not the noble Dutch enslave ;
 And wiser Parma strove in vain,
 For to reduce a race so brave.

XII.

They now those very armies pay
 By which they were forc'd to yield to you ;
 Their ancient birthright they betray,
 By their own votes you them subdue.

XIII. Who

XIII.

Who can then liberty maintain
 When by such arts it is withstood?
 Freedom to Princes is a chain,
 To all that spring from Royal Blood.

*A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to
 the Dean of ST. PATRICK'S.*

By Dr. SWIFT.

AN oaken broken elbow chair;
 A caudle cup without an ear;
 A batter'd shatter'd ash bedstead;
 A box of deal, without a lid;
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
 A back-sword poker, without a point;
 A pot that's crack'd across, around;
 With an old knotted garter bound;
 An iron lock without a key;
 A wig with hanging quite grown grey;
 A curtain worn to half a stripe;
 A pair of bellows without a pipe;
 A dish which might good meat afford once;
 An *Ovid*, and an old Concordance;
 A bottle bottom, wooden platter,
 One is for meal, and one for water;
 There likewise is a copper skillet,
 Which runs as fast as you can fill it;

A candle-

A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all :
 And thus his household goods you have all.
 These, to your Lordship, as a friend,
 Till you have built, I recommend ;
 They'll serve your workmen for a shift ;—
 Why not as well as Doctor SWIFT * ?

* This little poem is omitted in Dr. Hawkesworth's edition of *Swift's* works, and is therefore printed here.

LINES *written under the Print of* TOM BRITTON
the Small-coal-man, painted by Mr. WOOLASTON.

By Mr. PRIOR.

THO' doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
 Rich without wealth, and famous without pride ;
 Musick's best patron, judge of books and men,
 Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train :
 In *Greece* or *Rome* sure never did appear
 So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere :
 More of the man had artfully been sav'd,
 Had *Kneller* painted, and had *Vertue* grav'd.

By the same.

I Pray, Lady Harriot, the time to assign
 When she shall receive a turkey and chine,
 That a body may come to St. James's to dine.

A LETTER to the Hon. Lady MARGARET
CAVENDISH HARLEY, *when a Child.*

By Mr. PRIOR.

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my first epistle beg you,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven.
In double beauty say your prayer :
Our Father first,—then, *Notre Pere* :
And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my Lord and Lady,
So God shall love, and angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

To Lord OXFORD.

Written extempore by Mr. PRIOR

In Lady Oxford's Study, 1717.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper send
To the kind wife, the lovely friend :
Smiling, bid her freely write
What her happy thoughts indite ;
Of virtue, goodness, peace and love,
Thoughts which angels may approve.

VERSES *written in Lady Howe's Ovid's Epistles.*

By Mr. PRIOR.

HOWEVER high, however cold, the fair,
 However great the dying lover's care,
 Ovid, kind author, found him some relief,
 Rang'd his unruly sighs, and set his grief;
 Taught him what accents had the power to move,
 And always gain'd him pity—sometimes love.
 But oh, what pangs torment the destin'd heart,
 That feels the wound, yet dare not shew the dart!
 What care could Ovid to his sorrows give,
 Who must not speak, and therefore cannot live?

By Mr. PRIOR, 1716.

I Pray, good Lord Harley, let Jonathan know,
 How long you intend to live incognito.

Your humble Servant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.

By the same.

TO Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his
 letters,
 And thought they were safe in the hands of his betters.
 How happen'd it then that the packets were lost?
 These were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of
 the Post.

TRUE's EPITAPH.

By Mr. PRIOR.

IF wit or honesty could save
 Our mould'ring ashes from the grave,
 This stone had still remain'd unmark'd,
 I still writ prose, True still have bark'd.
 But envious fate has claim'd its due,
 Here lies the mortal part of True;
 His deathless virtues must survive,
 To better us that are alive.

His prudence and his wit were seen
 In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
 He own'd the power, and lov'd the Queen.
 By long obedience he confess'd
 That serving her was to be blest.—
 Ye murmurers, let True evince
 That men are beasts, and dogs have sense!

His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
 He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
 Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes:
 Ne'er sculk'd from whence his sovereign led him,
 Or snarl'd against the hand that fed him.—
 Read this, ye statesmen now in favour,
 And mend your own, by True's behaviour!

MR. POPE's WELCOME FROM GREECE.

*A Copy of VERSES * written by Mr. GAY,**Upon Mr. POPE's having finished his Translation of
HOMER's ILIAD.*

I.

LONG hast thou, friend ! been absent from thy soil,
 Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy ;
 I have been witness of thy six years toil,
 Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
 Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
 On the wide sea, oft threat'ning to destroy :
 Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
 And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

II.

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
 To seek adventures fair in Homer's land ?
 Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
 And wish thy bark had never left the strand ?
 Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,
 And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,

Praying

* This Copy of Verses is a close imitation of the beginning of the 46th Canto of the *Orlando Furioso*. Mr. Gay has even adopted the measure of his original, and has comprized his design in almost the same number of lines, viz. in twenty one octave stanza's instead of nineteen.

Praying the Virgin dear, and faintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

Chear up, my friend, thy dangers now are o'er ;
Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear ;
Hark how the guns salute from either shore,
As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair :
Shouts answ'ring shouts; from Kent and Essex roar,
And bells break loud thro' every gust of air :
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

IV.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall ;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
More visited than our park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all :
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
Duke ! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V. Come

V.

Come in, my friends, here shall ye dine and lie,
 And here shall breakfast, and here dine again ;
 And sup, and breakfast on, (if ye comply)

For I have still some dozens of champaign :
 His voice still lessens as the ship sails by ;

He waves his hand to bring us back in vain ;
 For now I see, I see proud London's spires ;
 Greenwich is lost, and Deptford dock retires.

VI.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder key !
 The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy :
 By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord May'rs day ;
 I hear the voice of trumpet and Hautboy.—

No, now I see them near—oh, these are they

Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
 Hail to the bard whom long as lost we mourn'd,
 From siege, from battle, and from storm return'd !

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
 The filken petticoat, and broider'd vest ;
 Yea Peers, and mighty Dukes, with ribbands blue,
 (True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast.)
 Others I see, as noble, and more true,
 By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest :

First

First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,
As Arthur * grave, as soft as woman-kind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends ?
Who knows not her ? ah ! those are Wortley's eyes :
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends ?
For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongu'd Murray † near her side attends.
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies ;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

IX.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown ;
Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land ;
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the chearful Duchefs stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithsome humours known :
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain ?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

H

X. See

* *As Arthur grave, &c.*] This person is mention'd in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*. v. 23.

“ *Arthur*, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
“ Imputes to me, and my damn'd works, the cause.”

† The present Lord Mansfield.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
 With Winchelsea, still meditating song :
 With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
 Nor knows with whom, or why she comes along.
 Far off from these see Santlow, fam'd for dance * ;
 And frolick Bicknell, and her sister young ;
 With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
 Much lov'd in private, not in publick fam'd !

XI.

But now behold the female band retire,
 And the shrill musick of their voice is still'd !
 Methinks I see fam'd Buckingham admire,
 That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd ;
 Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre,
 With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd.
 Bathurst impetuous hastens to the coast,
 Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

XII. See

* She afterwards married Booth the player. Mrs. Bicknell, the actress, is mentioned either in the *Spectator* or *Tatler*, with applause.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce,
 (But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan)
 Dan Prior next, belov'd by every muse,
 And friendly Congreve, unrep'roachful man!
 (Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse)
 See hearty Watkins comes with cup and cann;
 And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken;
 And Laughton whisp'ring asks—Is Troy town taken?

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind;
 Bold, gen'rous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er
 disguis'd:
 Ah why, sweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
 St. John for ev'ry social virtue priz'd.—
 Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
 Or else to see thee here I well surmiz'd:
 Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Bœotian air;
 When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

XIV.

Harcourt I see for eloquence renown'd,
 The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
 Another Simon is beside him found,
 Another Simon, like as straw to straw.
 How Lansdown smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd!
 What mitred prelate there commands our awe?

See Rochester approving nods his head *,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

XV.

Carlton and Chandois thy arrival grace;
Hanmer, whose eloquence th' unbiass'd sways;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
And shews his heart the seat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
In haste, but sauntering, hearty in his ways:
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

XVI.

Arbuthnot there I see, in physick's art,
As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his medicines dissipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part †,
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create:

What

* See Rochester approving nods his head.] So in the
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

“ Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head.”

† This is no more than a compliment to the vanity of
Sir Godfrey, which Pope and other wits were always put-
ting to the strongest trials. “ Sir Godfrey (says Pope)
“ I believe if God Almighty had had your assistance, the
“ world

What can th' extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critick, engineer, divine!

XVII.

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,

Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he cries:
Dartneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there*,

And wond'ring Maine, so fat with laughing eyes:
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size)

H 3

Yea

"world would have been formed more perfect." "Fore
"God (says *Kneller*) I believe so." He was likewise
(as Mr Walpole observes) very free and singular in his
conversation on religion. This adulation of Pope, Addison,
Prior, &c. appears to have heighten'd his natural
absurdities, as he had not discernment enough to discover
that they were only soothing him to paint for them gratis,
or diverting themselves at the expence of his credulity.
Sir Godfrey had drawn for Pope the statues of Apollo,
Venus, and Hercules. Pope paid for them with the following
stanza:

"What god, what genius did the pencil move,
"When *Kneller* painted these!
"'Twas friendship warm as Phœbus, kind as love,
"And strong as Hercules."

On these lines (which their author wisely suppress'd)
Mr. Walpole has offer'd a very just criticism. See
his *Anecdotes*, &c. Vol. III. p. 112.

* *Charles Ford*, Esq. was by Swift's interest appointed
Gazetteer. See the Dean's Letter to Mrs. Dingley,
dated July 1, 1712.

Yea Dennis, Gildon, (hearing thou hast riches)
And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent * ?
“ Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
“ For ancients to compyle is myne entente :
“ Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care ;
“ But hither me hath my meeke lady sent :—
“ In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke same,
“ But book yprint best plesyth myn gude dame.”

XIX.

Yonder I see, among th' expecting croud,
Evans with laugh jocose, and tragick Young ;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wand'ring
Frowd,
And Titcomb's belly waddles slow along †.
See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng ;

* — *With dust besprent* ?] So in the *Dunciad*. B. iii. v. 185.

“ But who is he in closet close ypent

“ Of sober face, *with learned dust besprent* ?”

Humphrey Wanley was librarian to Lord Oxford.

† The names of the majority of persons here enumerated, are in want of no illustration ; and concerning a few of them, it would be difficult to supply any. *Titcomb*, however, is mentioned in a Letter from Pope to Congreve.

Tickell whose skiff (in partnership they say)
Set forth for Greece, but foundered in the way.

XX.

Lo the two Doncastles in Berkshire known !
Lo Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land !
Lo Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes, Rawlinson !
See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand !
Ayr, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done ;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand ?
Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward and Broome !
Lo thousands more, but I want rhyme and room !

XXI.

How lov'd ! how honour'd thou ! yet be not vain ;
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain ;
And what rewards his grateful country pay ?
None, none were paid--why then all this for me ?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.

Congreve. " There is a grand revolution at Will's,
" Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and
" *Titcomb* is restored to the great joy of Cromwell, who
" was at a loss for a person to converse with on the
" fathers, and church history." It appears that he was
a catholick from the following passage in the Poetical
Epistle to Mr. Cromwell :

" Sooner shall Rowe lampoon the union,
" *Titcomb* take oaths on the communion."

A MOTTO for the Opera of Mutius Scævola.

By Mr. GAY.

WHO here blames words, or verses, songs, or
fingers,

Like *Mutius Scævola* will burn his fingers *.

* *Mutius Scævola*, an opera by Mr. Rolli, perform'd
in 1721.

To the most Honourable the Earl of OXFORD,

The Lord High Treasurer.

*The epigrammatical Petition of your Lordship's most
humble Servant,*

JOHN GAY.

I'M no more to converse with the swains,
But go where fine people resort ;
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

Yet if when with swains I did gambol,
I array'd me in silver and blue,
When abroad and in courts I shall ramble,
Pray, my Lord, how much money will do ?

*The Duchess of QUEENSBERRY's Reply to
King GEORGE II. when she was forbid to appear
at Court.*

Thursday, Feb. 27, 1728 9.

THAT the Duchess of Queensberry is surpriz'd and well pleas'd that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility upon the King and Queen. She hopes by such an unprecedented order as this, that the King will see as few as he wishes at his court (particularly such as dare think or speak the truth.) I dare not do otherwise, and ought not; nor could I have imagined that it would not have been the highest compliment that I could possibly pay the King, to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house.

C. QUEENSBERRY.

Particularly when the King and Queen had both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right then to stand to my own word, rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of truth, judgment or honour through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends.

What

What follows was written by her Grace at the bottom of the copies of the above answer, which she gave to her particular friends :

“ This is the answer I gave in writing to the Vice
 “ Chamberlain to read to the King, in answer to the
 “ message he brought me from the King to refrain
 “ coming to court.”

All the seven following Copies of VERSES were written on the foregoing Subject.

THY dull request, my friend, give o'er,
 Against that place I vow,
 Whence truth was long discharg'd before,
 And beauty's banish'd now.

*On the forbidding Command to the Duchefs of
 QUEENSBERRY.*

HOW blest the court ? How lost the fair
 Who's banish'd thence, where all submit
 (Such is our prudent monarch's care !)
 To Cibber's * modesty and wit.

True

* The mention of *Cibber's* modesty, is sufficiently authorized by the following particulars in the 7th chapter of his *Apology*, &c. “ After the vast success of that new
 “ species

True wit can never want support
 Where learned Grafton's the Mecænas;
 And ladies must adore that court
 Where Ganymede takes place of Venus.

“ species of poetry, the *Beggar's Opera*; the year following, I was so stupid as to attempt something of the same kind, upon quite a different foundation, that of recommending virtue and innocence, &c.” This passage, which is too long to be quoted here, will shew at once the cause of his enmity to Gay, and afford a specimen of his very singular modesty. It will likewise illustrate the other pieces of poetry written on the same occasion.—It may be observed, that the *Middlesex justices* have done *Mr. Cibber* the honour to adopt his sentiments concerning the immorality of the *Beggar's Opera*. Happy *Cibber*!

B O I L E A U, Sat. IX.

EN vain contre le Cid un ministre se ligue,
 Tout Paris pour Chimene a les yeux de Rodrigue.

The same paraphrased.

IN vain was ministerial breath,
 In vain monarchic folly:
 All eyes saw Walpole in Macheath,
 And Queensberry in Polly.

To the Duchess of QUEENSBERRY.

LET the knight * on beauty low'r,
 Loveliest ornament of pow'r;
 Let him at a stager's nod,
 Painted, prostitute, and proud,
 Hate to real charms display,
 Basely sworn to ruin Gay.
 Happy Gay! ordain'd to know
 Such a friend and such a foe!
 What though wit, and sense to love,
 Courtiers' idle rage may move?
 Calmly you unhurt retreat,
 Banish'd by the vulgar great.
 Take your beauties thence away,
 Full revenge is to obey.
 Let the meaner rank and face
 Borrow lustre from the place.
 There where friendship false beguiles,
 Basely murd'ring while it smiles;
 There where proud despotic will
 Boasts the power of doing ill;
 There where paltry gold outvies
 All the lustre of your eyes;
 Generous, and just, and fair,
 Why, ah why should you be there!

* Sir Robert Walpole.

To JOHNNY GAY.

THE great ones justly, Johnny Gay,
 Have damn'd thy second opera,
 And to Macheath refuse to give
 The favour of three days reprieve.
 Felons from transportation come
 Are hang'd forthwith when caught at home;
 And Robin swears he ought to swing
 For plund'ring but an Indian king.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of Lillibullero.

I.

SAYS a friend to a knight, shall a friend by whose skill
 All the houses are taught all their parts ev'ry day,
 Let Lincolns-inn-fields house do just what it will?
 There's another Macheath, sir; prohibit the play.
 Cibber's your friend,
 A play he hath penn'd *,
 In which there is nothing that can be apply'd;
 For he does not mention
 The word bribe or pension,
 Nor any one vice that can fit you beside.

* This play was *Love in a Riddle*. See Cibber's Apology for his Life, &c.

II.

So Macheath was forbid by authority good,
 To Cibber were sent many hands to applaud;
 But in this house it seems men judg'd as they wou'd,
 Not by promises sway'd nor by promises aw'd.
 Harsh catcalls sound,
 The hiss goes round,
 The courtiers join hisses and give up the wight:
 As in this house they shew it,
 They dare damn the poet,
 Who knows but in t'other they'll give up the knight?

III.

But Young * at this omen is nothing dismay'd,
 He'd shew to the town, as 'twas certainly fit,
 If Broome, Floyd and Roome † could come to his aid,
 That the friends of the ministry might have some wit,
 And so they took
 An old play book
 Writ in Ben Jonson's time by his man master Broome:
 Some speeches they mangled,
 Some songs intertangled;
 Sing the courtiers in praise of Broome, Floyd and Roome.

* Sir William Young, who had likewise a hand in some operatical performances.

† *Broome* had been a menial servant to *Ben Jonson*. He was the original author of the *Jovial Crew*, which
 was

IV.

'Tis said, that this piece in good breeding so nice,
 Can ne'er any gentleman's pleasure molest ;
 For they mention no modish, no politic vice,
 They censure no knaves, nor make coxcombs a jest.
 Thus Young and Broome,
 And Floyd and Roome,
 Have learnt to be mannerly, cautious, and sage :
 From Gay's Newgate satire,
 Whose vulgar ill-nature
 Treated rich rogues and poor rogues alike on the stage.

V.

Then sure we must own it was prudent and fit
 To stop our Macheath in his second attack ;
 And Cibber to set up against it for wit,
 Whom two pair of bards with a sequel should back.
 'Twas Floyd and Broome
 And Young and Roome ;
 Clap your hands, ye good courtiers, and grin at this play :
 In two days dy'd Cibber,
 But Young will go glibber,
 And all these court poets be damn'd the first day.

was afterwards altered by *Mr. Roome*, (the son of our first undertaker) and since by another hand. Concerning *Floyd* even the *Dunciad* is silent.

Written in Mr. GAY's WORKS.

Presented to a Lady in very splendid Binding.

To the BOOK.

SILLIER than Gildon could'st thou be,
Nay, did James Baker breathe in thee,
She'll keep thee, book, I'll lay my head :—
What ! throw away a fool in red ?
No : trust the sex's sacred rule,
The gaudy dress will save the fool.

*On the Forbiddance of GAY's Second Part of the
Beggar's Opera, and the Damnation of CIBBER's
Love in a Riddle.*

TWO accidents the weekly bills have mis'd,
One poet muzzled up, the other hiss'd.
Both from the stage and tow'ring hopes cast down,
One by the court, the other by the town.
The one as much despis'd as t'other fear'd ;
Philautus damn'd by trial, Gay unheard.
Philautus with Corinthian air had drawn
Corinthian courage in primæval dawn :
With his Corinthian lords he kept the field ;—
It cost a second day to make him yield.

None

None but a rude Corinthian bold and rough
 Could talk of courtiers' heads being made of stuff.
 Philautus, thou art safe; thy Tinker's stroke
 May grate the ear, but never can provoke:
 But he is justly dreaded, who can fit
 The Spartan virtue to the Athenian wit.

*Upon Lady PEMBROKE's promoting the Catcalling
 of FAUSTINA, 1727.*

OLD poets sing that beasts did dance
 Whenever Orpheus play'd;
 So to Faustina's charming voice
 Wise Pembroke's asses bray'd.

*The Character of the Lady HENRIETTA
 CAVENDISH HOLLES.*

By Mr. HUGHES. 1712-13.

SUCH early wisdom, such a lovely face,
 Such modest greatness, such attractive grace;
 Wit, beauty, goodness, charity, and truth,
 The riper sense of age, the bloom of youth!
 Whence is it that in one fair piece we find
 These various beauties of the female kind?
 Sure but in one such different charms agree,
 And Henrietta is that phoenix-she.

VOL. I.

I

To Lady HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES,

*On her Choice of Truth, Honour, and Honesty
for her Motto.*

By Mr. HUGHES.

IN thee, bright maid, tho' all the virtues shine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in heaven itself displays
Her charms celestial born, and purest rays,
Which thence in streams like golden sunshine flow,
And shed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the second place :
She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts, and godlike acts inspires.

Then Honesty, with native air, succeeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds ;
And just alike to friends and foes she draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal
laws.

From heaven this scale of virtues thus descends
 By just degrees, and thy full choice defends.
 So when, in visionary trains, by night
 Attending angels blest'd good Jacob's sight,
 The mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
 Its foot on earth, its top amidst the skies.

The humble Petition of a beautiful young LADY,

*To the Rev. Dr. BERKLEY, Dean of Londonderry *,
 which he quits to go and settle a College at Bermudas.*

DEAR doctor, here comes a young virgin untainted,
 To your shrine at Bermudas, to be married and fainted;
 I am young, I am soft, I am blooming and tender,
 And of all that I have, I make you a surrender.
 My innocence, led by the voice of your fame,
 To your person and virtue must put in its claim;
 And now I behold you, I truly believe,
 That you're as like Adam as I am like Eve:
 But then (as in you a new race has begun)
 Are teaching to fly from the shade to the sun:
 Before, the dire serpent their virtue betray'd,
 And taught them to fly from the sun to the shade,

I 2

For

* He was afterwards bishop of Cloyne.

For you, in great goodness, your friends are persuading
 To go, and to live, and be wise in your Eden.
 Oh let me go with you ; oh pity my youth ;
 Oh take me from hence, let me not lose my truth.
 Sure you, that have virtue so much in your mind,
 Can't think to leave me, who am virtue, behind.
 If you make me your wife, sir, in time you may fill a
 Whole town with your children, and likewise your villa :
 I famous for breeding, you famous for knowledge,
 I'll found a whole nation, you'll found a whole college :
 And when many long ages in joys we have spent,
 Our souls we'll resign with the utmost content ;
 And gently we'll sink between cypress and yew,
 You lying by me, and I lying by you.

PROLOGUE * to MUSIC.

By Dr. GARTH.

WHERE music, and more pow'rful beauty reign,
 Who can resist the pleasure or the pain ?
 Here their soft magic those two syrens try,
 And if we listen, or but look, we die.

Why

* Prologues and epilogues to concerts, were anciently very common. Of these many were spoken by Mr. Wilkes the celebrated comedian.

Why should we the romantic tales admire
 Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre,
 Of walls erected by harmonious skill,
 How mountains mov'd, and rapid streams stood still?
 See here a scene of beauty, and confess
 The wonder greater, but the fiction less.
 Like human victims here we stand decreed,
 To worship those bright altars where we bleed.
 Who braves his fate in fields, must tremble here,
 Triumphant love more vassals makes than fear.
 No faction homage to the fair denies,
 The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
 The empire's fix'd that's founded on desire,
 Those flames the vestals guard, can ne'er expire.

BUTLER'S COMPLAINT *against his pretended*
 MONUMENT *in Westminster Abbey.*

Poeta loquitur.

AGIN my garret-poverty is shown,
 By the mean cov'ring of this Portland stone;
 I lose my fame as martyrs lose their breath,
 For like Saint Stephen I am ston'd to death.

*Two LINES written with Charcoal upon BUTLER's
MONUMENT.*

THIS monument for Hudibras,
Erected was by John de Brass.

E P I G R A M

On the Miracles wrought by CUZZONI.

BOAST not how Orpheus charm'd the rocks,
And set a dancing stones and stocks,
And tigers' rage appeas'd;
All this Cuzzoni has surpass'd,
Sir Wilfred seems to have a taste,
And Smith and Gage are pleas'd.

E P I G R A M

*In Behalf of TOM SOUTHERN,
To the Duke of ARGYLE.*

ARGYLE, his praise when Southern wrote,
First struck out this, and then that thought;
Said this was flatt'ry, that a fault:
How shall the bard contrive?

My

My lord, consider what you do—
 He'll lose his pains and verses too;
 For if these praises fit not you,
 They'll serve no man alive.

A Description of Dr. DELANY's Villa.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

WOULD you that Delville I describe,
 Believe me, sir, I will not gibe;
 For who would be satirical
 Upon a thing so very small?

You scarce upon the borders enter,
 Before you're at the very centre.
 A single crow can make it night,
 When o'er your farm she takes her flight.
 Yet in this narrow compass, we
 Observe a great variety;
 Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
 Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs;
 And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
 And hay, and grass, and corn it yields;
 All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
 Without the mowing or the reaping;
 A razor, tho' to say't I'm loth,
 Would shave you and your meadows both.

Tho' small's the farm, yet here's a house,
 Full large to entertain a mouse ;
 But where a rat is dreaded more
 Than savage Caledonian boar :
 For, if 'tis enter'd by a rat,
 There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet seems to steal
 Down thro' a thing you call a vale ;
 Like tears a-down a wrinkled cheek,
 Or rain along a blade of leek ;
 And this you call your sweet meander,
 Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
 Could he but force his nether bill
 To scoop the channel of the rill :
 I'm sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
 Were it as big as city gutter,

Next come I to your kitchen garden,
 Which one poor slug would fare but hard in :
 And round his garden is a walk,
 No longer than a taylor's chalk :
 Thus I compute what space is in it,
 A snail creeps round it in a minute.
 One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
 Up thro' a tuft you call your trees ;
 And once a year a single rose
 Peeps from the bud, but never blows :

In

In vain you then expect its bloom ;
 It cannot blow for want of room.
 In short, in all your boasted seat,
 There's nothing, but yourself, that's great.

*Written in the Right Honourable the Earl of OXFORD's
 Library at Wimpole, 1729.*

By SOAME JENYNS.

WHO uninspir'd can tread this sacred ground,
 With all the sons of fame encompass'd round ?
 Where crown'd with wreaths of ever verdant bays,
 Each sister art her willing charms di'plays.
 Mellow'd by time, here beauteous paintings glow,
 There marble busts illustrious faces show ;
 And in old coins are little heroes seen,
 With venerable rust of ages, green.
 Around, unwounded by the teeth of age,
 By gothic fire, or persecution's rage,
 Perfect and fair, un-number'd volumes stand,
 By Providence preserv'd for Oxford's hand.

Whilst thus within these learned walls I stray,
 At once all climes and ages I survey :
 On fancy's wings I fly from shore to shore,
 Recall past time, and live whole Æras o'er ;
Converse

Converse with heroes fam'd in ancient song,
 And bards, by whom those heroes breathe so long;
 Observe each progress wit and learning makes;
 How harass'd nations trembling she forsakes,
 And chuses still to build her downy nest
 In happier climes with peace and plenty blest.
 See how, in fam'd Augustus' golden days
 She triumphs, crown'd with universal praise!
 Approaches thrones with a majestic air,
 The prince's mistress, and the statesman's care;
 Mæcenas shines in every classic page,
 Mæcenas, once the Harley of his age
 No meaner charms in Albion she displays,
 Invited thither by Saturnian days,
 When Anna's prudent hand the scepter sway'd,
 And Oxford lent the drooping muses aid:
 By him inspir'd, see all the tuneful train,
 In Britain's glorious sons revive again!
 Prior like Horace strikes the trembling strings,
 And in harmonious Pope again great Maro sings,

Again she waves her pinions to be gone,
 And only hopes protection from his son.
 Chas'd from the senate and the court she flies;
 Cunning and party-zeal her place supplies:

Yet still, since fix'd in Wimpole's happy plain,
 (Her last retreat) she knows not to complain :
 There, in great Oxford's converse, does engage
 Th' instructed ear, and shames a vicious age :
 Or in his consort's accents stands confest,
 And charms with graceful ease each list'ning guest :
 Or, with her lov'd companions, gladly ty'd,
 Unstudied charms, and beauty void of pride,
 Transportéd dwells in the celestial place,
 And ever smiles in Margaretta's face.

RAGG'S* VERSES to J. PHILIPS.

ASPICIS hunc plantis qui fulcitur elephantis ;
 Quem genuit Bamton, quem mœsta eduxerat
 Hampton ;
 Queen Wickham fovit, sed non Wintonia novit.
 Vir vere bellus, cui valde parvus ocellus.
 Cui candelarum ritu fluit ordo comarum.
 Cui chara est mamma, sed charius est epigramma.
 Cui non est lodix, nec habet femoralia podex.
 Prudens legatus, licet haud ad prælia natus.

Surripit

* Capt. Ragg was a nick-name bestowed on Mr. Smith on account of his uncommon slovenliness.

Surripit hic fartum, suadetq; resurgere smartum.
 Mox vocat ad bellum, mox effugit arte duellum.
 Qui dum non jurat, saltem sua corpora curat;
 Vescitur et bobus, dum tondet prata Jacobus*.
 Quem juvat et pætum facit et cerevisia lætum;
 At vinum est summum, possit si gignere nummum.
 Mane vocat panes, cyathosq; relinquit inanes,
 Et toga humum verrit, Albanaq; mœnia terret†.
 Prandere absque olla gaudens, et scalpere colla;
 Trahere sermones, et tollere simmerfones‡.

EDMUND SMITH.

* *James II.* after his abdication.

† The *Albana mœnia* are the walls of Alban-hall, Oxford; the most insignificant of all possible Colleges, and as little known to fame, as its late master Dr. Laban to the literary world, or to his parishioners at Stepney.

‡ A *Simmerfon* (as we are informed by an Antiquarian whose knowledge stops short of its etymology) was the cant term for a beer measure, perhaps, still in vogue at some of the colleges in the university of Oxford. We should be loth to deliver too hasty an opinion, or we might observe, that it probably contained the same quantity of malt liquor as a *Tantum non* at Cambridge, (that is, something less than a pint) a potation in use only among the Fellows of King's College.

The Duke of BUCKINGHAM's EPITAPH,

Written by Himself,

And left in his Will to be fixed on his Monument.

Pro Rege sæpe, pro Republica semper.

DUBIUS sed non improbus vixi :
 Incertus morior, sed inturbatus :
 Humanum est nescire et errare.
 Christum adveneror, Deo confido
 Omnipotenti, benevolentissimo.
 Ens entium miserere mihi !

*Thus translated by GEORGE SEWELL *, M. D.*

Author of the Tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh.

OFT for my King I drew my sword,
 Take it on John of Bucks's word ;

But

* Dr. George Sewell (whose name is joined with that of Mr. Pope in a duodecimo edition of Shakespeare) followed his profession with some degree of success, after he had retired to Hampstead ; but three other physicians being soon settled in the place, his profits at last became very inconsiderable. He kept no house, but was a boarder. He was much esteemed, and so frequently invited to the tables of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that he had seldom occasion to dine at home. An ancient inhabitant of Hampstead, now living, was present at his funeral. He was supposed to be very indigent at the time of his death,

But always for my country dear
 I stickled ;—instance once,—Tangier.
 I chang'd my side, like weather-cock,
 Yet ne'er was rogue nor bully-rock.
 I whor'd, and play'd at bowls and dice,
 But ne'er was constant to one vice.
 For Christ—I leave that question dark,
 'Twixt Bennet, Whiston, and Sam Clarke:
 I worship him in all I can,
 But neither say, as God, or man.
 My chiefeft hopes on God are bent,
 Eternal and omnipotent.
 Being of Beings, hear my prayer,
 And for this creed, my graceſhip ſpare !

as he was interred on the 12th of February 1726 in the meanest manner, his coffin being little better than those allotted by the parish to their poor who are buried from the workhouse ; neither did a single friend, or relation, attend him to the grave. No memorial was placed over his remains ; but they lie just under a holly-tree which formed a part of a hedgerow that was once the boundary of the church-yard.

*On Sir ABRAHAM ELT being knighted, and
 taking the name of ELTON.*

IN days of yore, old Abraham-Elt,
 When living, had nor sword nor belt ;
 But now his son, Sir Abraham Elton,
 Being knighted, has both sword and belt on.

E P I T A P H

On Mr. C R A G G S.

M. S. Ja. Craggs, Arm.

Pro meipso semper.

Pro Republica nunquam.

Nil dubius ; improbus vixi.

Opio, opibusq; intoxicatus, morior.

Ducem Marlburium creatorem

meum adveneror.

In Mammone solo confido,

Deo mihi omnipotenti.

Prolem meam dilectissimam

et probam sequor.

Spe certa *

Pium Sunderlandium secuturum expectans.

Dii inferi accipite vestros !

* *Edmund Smith* (the author of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) had been pitched on as a proper person to write the history of the Revolution. In consequence of this appointment, he waited on Mr. Addison, who encouraged him to undertake it. To this he agreed ; but asking what was to be done with the character of Lord Sunderland, Mr. Addison seemed confused, and replied that he was not prepared to answer such a question. From that instant, Mr. *Smith* heard no more of the design.

A WESTMINSTER EXERCISE.

*Usque adeo nihil est quod nostra infantia cœlum
Hausit Aventini ?*

INSPIR'D with joy, we see the learned throng
Listen propitious to our humble song.
Within these walls, the infant muse delights
To plume her new-fledg'd wings for future flights.
Here trembling voices uncouth strains repeat,
Here bards first totter on poetic feet ;
Till by degrees grown bold, with active skill,
They gain the summit of the sacred hill.
Thus Cowley, Dryden, Buckhurst, Prior came
First in the lists of poetry and fame.

Not by our steps, nor labours such as these,
The brazen-fac'd Corinthian try'd to please ;
But spite of Phœbus and the muse's art,
The actor fondly play'd the poet's part :
While with harsh untaught notes he wakes the plains,
The sweeter cat-call emulates his strains.
His'd, hooted, damn'd, despis'd, the scribbling fool
Finds to his cost, he was not bred at school.
He might have 'scap'd a yawning gallery's curses,
Had our third form first known his nonsense verses :
By humble steps he might have ris'n to praise,
And having felt our *Birch*, deserv'd your *Bays*.

EPITAPH *on Mr. THYNNE,*

Who was shot by CONINGSMARK's Direction.

HERE lies Tom Thynne of Long Leat-hall,
 Who never would thus have miscarry'd,
 Had he married the woman he lay withal,
 Or lay with the woman he marry'd.

A PARSON'S RESOLUTION.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
 Our lives and fortunes all ;
 A woeful preachment once there did
 In Mamble church befall.

I preached, all the live-long day,
 Repentance to a finner ;
 But I'll preach there no more, I swear,
 For they gave me no dinner.

To a L A D Y.

HOW perfect, Chloris, and how free
 Would these enjoyments prove,
 But you with formal jealousy
 Are still tormenting love !

Let us (since wit instructs us how)
 Raise pleasure to the top :
 If rival bottle you'll allow,
 I'll suffer rival fop.

There's not a brisk insipid spark
 That flutters in the town,
 But with your wanton eyes you mark
 Him out to be your own.

You never think it worth your care,
 How empty nor how dull
 The heads of your admirers are,
 So that their backs be full.

All this you freely may confess,
 Yet we'll not disagree ;
 For did you love your pleasures less,
 You were not fit for me.

Whilst I, my passion to pursue,
 Am whole nights taking in
 The lusty juice of grapes, take you
 The juice of lusty men !

Upbraid me not that I design
 Tricks to delude your charms,
 When running after mirth and wine
 I leave your longing arms.

For wine (whose power alone can raise
 Our thoughts so far above)
 Affords ideas fit to praise
 What we think fit to love.

*An EPITAPH on Dr. JOHN FRIEND,
 the Physician, who died in 1728.*

HERE lie the bones of Dr. Friend
 Once thought an honest man ;
 But who can tell before the end,
 Tho' life is but a span ?

To be physician to a Queen
 Was all his chief ambition,
 Which made him quit poor Clementeen
 For her who rules in Britain.
 Now mark the end of avarice and pride ;
 His reputation crack'd, and then he died.

E P I T A P H

Intended by Mr. DRYDEN for his Wife.

HERE lies my wife : here let her lie :
 Now she's at rest, and so am I.

EPITAPH on Mr. MOLESWORTH,

*Who erected a Monument, and placed an Inscription upon
it in Honour of his favourite DOG.*

UNDER this stone both dog and master lie,
Neither deserv'd to live, or thought to die.
Do not disturb the happy sleeping pair,
Who once in love, now join'd in burial are.
But here's the curse, which Moleworth little thought,—
He'll one day rise again, the other not.

*Upon Dr. EVANS, Burfar, cutting down the Trees
in ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE GROVE.*

By Dr. TADLOW.

INDULGENT nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes.
The goose, a silly bird, yet knows the fox;
Hares fly from dogs, and sailors steer from rocks;
This rogue, the gallows for his fate foresees,
And bears a like antipathy to trees.

Dr. EVANS upon Dr. TADLOW.

TEN thousand taylor's, with their length of line,
Strove, tho' in vain, his compass to confine;
At length, bewailing their exhausted store,
Their packthread ceas'd, and parchment was no more.

To be published in the next Edition of

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

OLD Jacob *, by deep judgment led,
To please the wise beholders,
Has plac'd old Naffau's † hook-nos'd head
Upon Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel compleat,
Methinks, there's little lacking;
One took his father on his back,
And t'other sent his packing.

* Jacob Tonson.

† King William.

To a LADY more cruel than fair.

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

I.

WHY d'ye with such disdain refuse
An humble lover's plea?
Since heaven denies you pow'r to chuse,
You ought to value me.

II.

Ungrateful mistress of a heart
Which I so freely gave,
Tho' weak your bow, tho' blunt your dart,
I soon resign'd your slave.

K 3

III. Nor

III.

Nor was I weary of your reign,
Till you a tyrant grew,
And seem'd regardless of my pain,
As nature seem'd of you.

IV.

When thousands with unerring eyes
Your beauty would decry,
What graces did my love devise
To give their truths the lye?

V.

To every grove I told your charms,
In you my heaven I plac'd,
Proposing pleasures in your arms
Which none but I would taste,

VI.

For me t'admire at such a rate
So damn'd a face, will prove
You have as little cause to hate,
As I have had to love.

*Upon the ROYSTON BARGAIN, or ALEHOUSE
WEDDING; i. e. the Marriage of Mr. CHARLES
CÆSAR to Miss LONG, October 1729.*

I.

YE fathers and mothers,
Ye sisters and brothers,
That have a rich heiress in guard,
I'll tell you a tale,
If you mind, it won't fail
To preserve in all safety your ward.

II.

Ne'er keep her at Hammel's,
In traces and trammels,
Nor think an old man and his cat,
Are company fit
For a girl that has wit,
And is eager to know what is what.

III.

She's too frolick and gay,
To be tempted to stay
The return of a fiddling son;
She won't feed on song,
For her name is Miss Long,
And her business in short must be done.

IV.

While Ralph and his spouse
Were employ'd in the house,
With Wiseman, their chief secretary ;
Away went the gay thing
In search of a plaything,
And so she began the vagary.

V.

Quoth he then to his wife,
I'll venture my life
She's gone to the alehouse at Munden :
And who can be there,
As I honour small beer,
But *Cæsar aut nullus* from London !

VI.

I've told you, dear Ralph,
If you'd keep that girl safe,
Ne'er trust her alone with Miss Cremer ;
And as for Miss Jennings,
Her ways are so winning,
She'll make her as gallant a schemer.

VII.

Just as she had said,
Came in the poor maid,
With message and face most importune ;
That Cæsar with forces,
And coach and six horses,
Had stolen away their great fortune.

VIII. You

VIII.

You see, you old fool,
 You are made a mere tool,
 And dup'd by Cæsar and your sister ;
 You thought the girl safe,
 By the care of son Ralph,
 But the booby crack'd walnuts, and mist her *.

IX.

Then out went the scouts,
 To the towns thereabouts,
 In hopes to have luckily found them ;
 But Saygrace, the parson,
 Had carry'd the farce on,
 And in cottage had just before bound them.

X.

And then from her bed,
 Having lost maidenhead
 In the joyous and amorous strife,
 She cry'd, hang your master,
 I've felt no disaster
 In passing from maiden to wife.

* This is a piece of true history just come from *Hamels*.
 As the girls went into the garden, the old lady would
 have had her son follow them, but he answered, he would
 crack a walnut or two more first.

XI. And

XI.

And now turn your face
To Benington Place,
And see with what joy this is taken ;
Where madam does chatter
To all that come at her,
And cries, we have now sav'd our bacon.

XII.

Now my foes I despise,
And my grotto shall rise,
Tho' some folks may call it my folly ;
And when all is fold,
The rest shall be told
'Twixt Julius, Betty, and Molly.

To Mrs. B. to invite her from Virginia to Bermudas.

Hic canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam.

I.

FROM distant climes Lucinda came
To conquer and disdain,
Then leading captive every heart,
In triumph cross'd the main.

II. Ye

II.

Ye fleets that o'er the Atlantic spread
Your sails, neglect to trade;
Forget the treasures of Peru
To seek the lovely maid;

III.

But if the fair, resolv'd to shine
Upon the western shore,
Will never with her presence bless
Benighted Europe more;

IV.

As Cytherea fix'd her throne
In Cyprús, happy isle,
So let the new world's queen of love
On her Bermuda smile.

V.

The orange and the citron groves
That blossom all the year,
For her the Hesperides preserve
Without the dragon's care.

VI.

Swift, swift as Atalanta fly,
The golden fruit depends,
And none but golden arrows arm
The boy that there attends.

VII. The

VII.

The choicest spirits of the age
 All for the west prepare :
 The muses all are on the wing,
 To meet Lucinda there.

A BERMUDAN ODE.

Down-Hall, Sunday, April 10, 1727.

I.

WHEN in a state devoid of sense
 Inanimate I lay,
 A particle of scatter'd dust,
 Or unregarded clay ;

II.

This human elevated form
 Thy plastic breath bestow'd,
 And in the image of thyself
 Conscious existence flow'd.

III.

To thee my pray'rs in feeble cries
 Upon my birth I paid ;
 Then innocence was sacrifice,
 A babe the off'ring made.

IV. An

IV.

An angel that beholds thy face,
The guardian of a state,
Or ruler of some happy world
Amidst the seraphs, great,

V.

Held up and led me on in life,
With care and kind regard,
Well pleas'd that office to perform,
And tend an infant ward.

VI.

When in the wilderness of youth,
Vice strew'd a flow'ry way ;
When phantoms fair allur'd to pass
Where hidden serpents lay ;

VII.

Thy grace to virtue's rugged paths
Inclin'd my tender feet,
Taught them to climb the steep ascent,
And made the labour sweet.

VIII.

As reason dawn'd, my rising soul
The vast expanse beheld ;
The suns that shine, the worlds that roll
In nature's azure field.

IX. Won-

IX.

Wondrous, said I, are all thy works,
 Above the thoughts of men,
 Above imagination's reach,
 Thyself how wond'rous then !

X.

Happy the comprehensive mind
 That fir'd with heav'nly flame,
 Aspires in youthful vigour fresh,
 To regions whence it came.

XI.

Sublime, serene, among the stars,
 With great ideas crown'd,
 Soars o'er creation's fruitful plains,
 And views th' amazing round.

XII.

Oh ! that my soul had held that height,
 That glorious height attain'd !
 Nor ever sunk beneath the pitch
 Her early pinions gain'd !

XIII.

Not riches, honours, pleasures, pow'r,
 Not all this world can pay,
 If made eternal, would be worth
 The joys of one such day.

XIV. Unworthy

XIV.

Unworthy of celestial scenes,
 Detruded from the spheres,
 Prone and precipitate I fell,
 Sinking for thrice three years :

XV.

Then toil'd among the grov'ling herd,
 In the dull beaten road ;
 Or stray'd in error's devious paths
 Dragging th' uneasy load.

XVI.

Affliction's far-extended tide
 Came on, wave after wave ;
 Whilst all the comforts of my life
 Were laid in Anna's grave.

XVII.

With her, the sun seem'd ever fet,
 All loveliness decay'd ;
 Not the least glimm'ring ray of joy
 Pierc'd the Cimmerian shade.

XVIII.

Then on the precipice I stood,
 Where death and sin laid wait
 To cast me down into the flood
 Of that eternal state.

XIX. On

XIX.

On eagles' wings, above their flight,
 The swift deliv'rer bore
 The destin'd prey, snatch'd from the foe,
 Safe to a distant shore ;

XX.

Where parents of the world, that make
 The poor their god-like care,
 A spring, imparadis'd, enjoy
 Perpetual through the year.

XXI.

In orange groves and cedar schools
 The savages refine ;
 Hesperian nations train'd to arts,
 In Indian Athens shine.

XXII.

The waters wide smile many a league,
 The winds, the surges, sleep ;
 Nor was old ocean better pleas'd
 When Israel pass'd the deep.

XXIII.

Angels, reclin'd on purple clouds
 Border'd with burnish'd gold,
 Applaud the work, the spreading faith
 With extasy behold.

Sir CHARLES HANBURY to Sir HANS SLOANE,

*Who saved his Life, and desired him to send over all the
Rarities he could find in his Travels.*

SINCE you, dear Doctor, sav'd my life,
To bless by turns and plague my wife,
In conscience I'm oblig'd to do
Whatever is enjoin'd by you.

According then to your command,
That I should search the western land
For curious things of ev'ry kind,
And send you all that I should find,
I've ravag'd air, earth, seas, and caverns,
Men, women, children, towns, and taverns ;
And greater rarities can shew
Than Gresham's children ever knew,
Which carrier Dick shall bring you down,
Next time his waggon comes to town.

First, I've three drops of that same shower
Which Jove in Danae's lap did pour ;
From Carthage brought, the sword I'll send
Which brought Queen Dido to her end ;
The stone whereby Goliath dy'd,
Which cures the head-ach well apply'd ;
The snake-skin, which you may believe,
The devil cast who tempted Eve ;

A fig-leaf apron—it's the same
 That Adam wore to hide his shame,
 But now wants darning; I've beside,
 The blow by which poor Abel dy'd;
 A whetstone worn exceeding small,
 Time us'd to whet his scythe withal;
 The pigeon stuff'd, which Noah sent
 To tell him where the waters went.
 A ring I've got of Sampson's hair,
 The same which Dalilah did wear;
 Saint Dunstan's tongs, which story shews,
 Did pinch the devil by the nose;
 The very shaft, as all may see,
 Which Cupid shot at Antony;
 And, which above the rest I prize,
 A glance of Cleopatra's eyes;
 Some strains of eloquence which hung
 In Roman times on Tully's tongue,
 Which long conceal'd and lost had lain,
 Till - - - - found them out again.
 Then I've, most curious to be seen,
 A scorpion's bite to cure the spleen:
 A goad that, rightly us'd, will prove
 A certain remedy to love:
 As Moore cures worms in stomach bred,
 I've pills cure maggots in the head;

With the receipts too how to take 'em

I've got a ray of Phœbus' shine,

Found in the bottom of a mine ;

A lawyer's conscience, large and fair,

Fit for a judge himself to wear.

I've a choice nostrum fit to make

An oath a catholick will take.

In a thumb vial you shall see,

Close cork'd, some drops of honesty,

Which after searching kingdoms round,

At last, were in a cottage found.

An antidote, if such there be,

Against the charms of flattery.

I ha'nt collected any care,

Of that there's plenty ev'ry where ;

But after wond'rous labours spent,

I've got one grain of rich content.

This my wish—it is my glory—

To furnish your nicknackatory ;

I only beg that when you shew 'em,

You'll tell your friends to whom you owe 'em ;

Which may your other patients teach

To know, as has done yours, C. H.

To Sir HENRY ASHURST, at Bath;

From Mr. HANBURY.

TO you addressing, gentle Knight,
 I chuse in humble verse to write ;
 For you delight in dance and song,
 For ever gay, for ever young :
 But let not Biller's learned eye
 O'erlook my feeble poetry ;
 For London's fogs the muses choke,
 With seas of dirt and clouds of smoke.
 Not so at Bath, where morning air
 Breathes on the early-rising fair ;
 Where love once dipt his fiery darts,
 And, with the waters, warms our hearts ;
 Where battledores beat tuneful time,
 And teach young poets how to rhyme ;
 Where snowy arms at once inspire
 The flying cock, and soft desire.
 Where happy walks and groves are free
 From politicks and calumny ;
 Nor sword, nor hoop, dares give offence ;
 Such was the state of innocence.
 These various pleasures that possess
 Where health and joy and beauty please,

Unwearied

Unwearied at the longest ball,
 'Tis you alone enjoy 'em all :
 Whilst I, oppress'd with grief of mind,
 Lament the joys I left behind,
 With aking heart I bid adieu,
 For ever yours, E. U.

Pray give my services and kisses
 Amongst the widows and the misses.
 January 28 is the date, you find
 One thousand 7 hundred 28 and nine.
 And now, dearest Knight, we're all
 Arriv'd in safety at Whitehall.

Lord HARVEY on the Dutchess of RICHMOND.

WHAT do scholars and bards and astrologers wise
 Mean by stuffing one's head with such nonsense and lye ?
 By telling one Venus must always appear
 In a car, or a shell, or a twinkling star,
 Drawn by sparrows, or swans, or by dolphins or doves,
 And attended in form by the Graces and Loves ;
 That ambrosia and nectar is all she will taste,
 And her passport to hearts is a belt round her waist ?

Without

Without all this bustle I saw the bright dame,
 For to supper last night to Poultney's she came,
 In a good warm sedan, no fine open car,
 Two chairmen for doves, and a flambeau her star :
 No nectar she drank, no ambrosia she eat,
 Her cup was plain claret, a chicken her meat ;
 Nor wanted the cestus her bosom to grace,
 For Richmond for that night had lent her her face.

On a C O L L A R

Presented for HAPPY GILL.

By Mr. HUGHES.

THOU little favourite of the fair !
 When thou these golden bands shalt wear,
 The hand that binds them softly kifs,
 With conscious joy, and own thy blifs.
 Proud of his chain, who would not be
 A slave, to gain her smiles, like thee ?

Lord MIDDLESEX to Mr. POPE,

On reading Mr. ADDISON's Account of the English Poets.

IF all who e'er invoc'd the tuneful nine
In Addison's majestic numbers shine,
Why then should Pope, ye bards, ye criticks tell,
Remain unsung, who sings himself so well?
Hear then, great bard, who can alike inspire
With Waller's softness, or with Milton's fire;
Whilst I, the meanest of the muses' throng,
To thy just praises tune th' advent'rous song.

How am I fill'd with rapture and delight
When gods and mortals mix'd, sustain the fight!
Like Milton then, tho' in more polish'd strains,
Thy chariots rattle o'er the smoking plains,
What tho' archangel 'gainst archangel arms,
And highest Heaven resounds with dire alarms!
Doth not the reader with like dread survey
The wounded gods repuls'd with foul dismay?

But when some fair one guides your softer verse,
Her charms, her godlike features to rehearse;
See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
And Waller's thoughts in smoother numbers charm.

When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy rage,
 Flecknoe improv'd bites keener in each page.
 Give o'er, great bard, your fruitless toil give o'er,
 For still king Tibbald scribbles as before;
 Poor Shakespeare suffers by his pen each day,
 While Grubstreet alleys own his lawful sway.

Now turn, my muse, thy quick, poetic eyes,
 And view gay scenes and op'ning prospects rise.
 Hark! how his rustic numbers charm around,
 While groves to groves, and hills to hills resound.
 The list'ning beasts stand fearless as he sings,
 And birds attentive close their useless wings.
 The swains and satyrs trip it o'er the plain,
 And think old Spenser is reviv'd again.
 But when once more the godlike man begun
 In words smooth flowing from his tuneful tongue,
 Ravish'd they gaze, and struck with wonder say,
 Sure Spenser's self ne'er sung so sweet a lay:
 Sure once again Eliza glads the isle,
 That the kind muses thus propitious smile.—
 Why gaze ye thus? Why all this wonder, swains?—
 'Tis Pope that sings, and Carolina reigns.

But hold, my muse! whose aukward verse betrays
 Thy want of skill, nor shews the poet's praise;
 Cease then, and leave some fitter bard to tell
 How Pope in ev'ry strain can write, in ev'ry strain excell.

*The Twenty-First ODE of the Third Book of
HORACE, translated.*

By Lord MIDDLESEX.

O nate mecum, &c.

O HAPPY cask, coæval with thy Lord,
One year to both did equal life afford;
What tho' your hidden pow'r alike can move
To quarrel furious, or more furious love;
Can call brisk puns, bid quaint conundrums rise,
Or cast a heavy slumber o'er the eyes?
O now descend, Corvinus bids, descend,
For him your best, your choicest liquor lend.
Let him with rules of Socrates be wise;
Fear not, he'll ne'er your gen'rous juice despise;
For well he knows, that Cato's self with wine
Oft made his rigid virtues brighter shine.
You, with soft violence or mirth, can wrest
The deepest secrets from the closest breast:
By you inspir'd, the anxious mind's reliev'd,
Thinks but of mirth, and wonders why it griev'd.
By thee, the poor, in all their rags grown bold,
Unaw'd the pomp of majesty behold;
Hear unconcern'd shrill trumpets from afar,
Nor dread the thunder of approaching war.

Bacchus

Bacchus (to whom bright liquor owes its birth)
 If Venus smiles propitious on our mirth,
 For you, Corvinus, will prolong our joy :
 (For how can Bacchus join'd with Venus cloy ?)
 Till yon bright tapers cast a fainter light,
 Till Phœbus rising o'er the mountains bright,
 Chafes the friendly darkness of the night. }

Upon a G O O S E.

By Lord MIDDLESEX.

NOW the full barns with yellow sheaves are stor'd,
 That yield a double product to their Lord ;
 To glean the fields, the Geese direct their way,
 And far from hence through unknown stubbles stray.
 The jolly farmer views with joyful eyes
 The sacred light of Michael's dawn arise,
 While new-thorn vales a pleasant prospect yield,
 And Geese unnumber'd whiten all the field.
 Obedient to his voice and well-known call,
 A grateful victim to their saint they fall.
 Before his hospitable gate he stands,
 And welcomes in his guest with greeting hands.
 And now the neat though homely cloth display'd,
 And earthen plates in shining order laid

Provoke

Provoke each hungry guest. The Goose appears,
 The reeking load a bending servant bears ;
 With sage well stuff'd to add a sav'ry taste,
 And sugar'd apples crown the rich repast.
 Brimful with ale the nut-brown bowls go round,
 While every voice of Geese the praises sound :
 The gods themselves might envy such a feast,
 And thund'ring Jove might wish to prove a guest.

And thus, O sacred bird, each coming year
 You keep the strictest bands of friends sincere.
 Oh could I sing your far-resounding praise
 In Prior's smooth, or Pope's sublimer lays !
 Then should the Mantuan Swan exult no more,
 Nor higher than the British Goose should soar :
 Thy glory should the plains and vallies fill,
 While muses could inspire, or Geese afford a quill.

On Lady A.

YOUNG, thoughtless, gay, unfortunately fair,
 Her pride to please, and pleasure all her care ;
 With too much kindness, and too little art,
 Prone to indulge the dictates of the heart ;
 Flatter'd by all, solicited, admir'd ;
 By women envied, and by men desir'd ;

At

At once from full prosperity she's torn,
 By friends deserted, of defence forlorn,
 Expos'd to talkers, insults, want, and scorn;
 By ev'ry idle tongue her story told,
 The novel of the young, the lecture of the old.
 But let the scoffer, or the prude, relate
 With rigour's utmost force, her hapless fate,
 Good-nature still to soft compassion wrought
 Shall weep her ruin while it owns her fault:
 For if her conduct, in some steps betray'd,
 To virtue's rule too little rev'rence paid,
 Yet dying, still she shew'd so dear her fame,
 She could survive her guilt, but not her shame;
 Her honour, dearer than her life she prov'd,
 And dearer far than both, the man she lov'd.

Dr. WINTER's QUESTIONS to Dr. CHENEY.

TELL me from what fat-headed Scot
 Thou didst thy system learn:
 From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
 From Celsus nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
 And say the same of grass;
 The one for babes is proper food,
 The other for an ass.

Doctor,

Doctor, this new prescription try;
A friend's advice forgive:
Eat grass, reduce thy head, or die,
Thy patients then may live.

Dr. CHENEY's ANSWER.

MY system, Doctor, 's all my own,
No tutor I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from that wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural that you bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

VERSES on *The ART of POLITICKS* *.

SUCH artless art did ever mortal see,
 Or politicks so void of policy ?
 To wit and humour there is fair pretence,
 But none to just design or solid sense.

Let sourer criticks point each faulty place,
 I'll e'en let Tickell and Avignon pass.
 Let boys their loyalty huzzaing show,
 And kind Louisa teach our girls to go.

But on immortal Joseph let us fix,
 That pattern rare of whiggish politicks ;
 Slave to vain glory, out of danger stout,
 Who prints on Brunswick—after Preston's rout ;
 Coward to blame, and envious to commend,
 A sneaking patriot, and a half-fac'd friend.

Sell not French claret at the Ormond's head,
 But hang up Horace Walpole in his stead ;
 Nor at the Devil tavern make your sport :—
 The Devil always has a friend at court.
 What bard but this could Pelham's train compare
 To Roman Scipio's thunder-bolts of war ?

Did

* By the Rev. Mr. Bramston.

Did e'er their wars enrich their native isle,
 With foreign treasures and with Spanish spoil ?
 But hark ! and stare with all your ears and eyes !
 Walpole is friend to Universities !
 Who cross the clause (so generous has he been)
 Which Sandys with his advice had usher'd in.
 Tho' whigs of forty-one may raise a cry,
 New livings he permits them still to buy.
 His part of odium let Sir Robert bear,
 Or Sandys his moiety of glory share,
 For'twould have puzzled Knighthood's craft, no doubt,
 Had it been ne'er brought in, to throw it out.
 Hail politician bard ! we ask not whether
 A whig or tory ; thou art both and neither.
 Poultney and Walpole each adorn thy lays,
 Which one for love, and one for money praise.
 Alike are mention'd, equally are sung
 Will. Shippen staunch, and slight Sir Wm. Young.
 Bromley and Wyndham share the motley strain,
 With Cart'ret, Maidstone, and the Pelhams twain.
 Not Jove and Dragon could worse match'd appear ;
 Nor fins of cod with front of Heydegger.

A B A L L A D

*Found in a Cottage in Lancashire, and sent up to
Lord OXFORD.*

I.

HARD by the hall, our master's house,
Where Mersey flows to meet the main,
Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose
A lover to complain.

II.

With arms across, along the strand,
A shepherd walk'd, and hung his head ;
Viewing the footsteps on the sand,
Which a bright nymph had made.

III.

The tide, says he, will soon erase
The marks so lightly here imprest ;
But time, or tide, will ne'er deface
Her image in my breast.

IV.

Am I some savage beast of prey ?
Am I some monster grown,
That thus she flies so swift away,
Or meets me with a frown ?

V. That

V.

That bosom soft, that lily skin,
 (Trust not to outward show !)
 Contains a marble heart within,
 A rock hid under snow.

VI.

Ah me ! the flints and pebbles wound
 Her tender feet, from whence there fell
 These crimson drops that stain the ground,
 And beautify each shell.

VII.

O fair one, moderate thy flight,
 I will no more pursue,
 But take my leave for a long night :—
 Adieu ! lov'd maid, adieu !

VIII.

This said, he took a running leap,
 A lover's leap, indeed !
 And plung'd into the sounding deep,
 Where hungry fishes feed.

IX.

The melancholy hern stalks by * ;
 Around the squawling sea-gulls yell ;
 Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
 And toll his passing bell.

X.

Thus dy'd a shepherd in his prime,
 The whirlpool suck'd him down ;
 Not unregarded by the Nine,
 Belov'd by all but one.

XI.

The waters roll above his head,
 The billows tofs it o'er and o'er ;
 His ivory bones lie scattered,
 And whiten all the shore.

* “ On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 “ Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
 “ Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail,
 “ The famish'd eagle screams and passes by.”

GRAY'S Ode.

Alma novem genuit claros Rhedycina poetas.

TRAPP, YOUNG, BUBB, STUBB, COBB, CRAB,
CARY, TICKEL, EVANS.

FAMOUS for rhimes
In these our times,
Oxford has three times three;
Trapp, Young, and Bubb,
Cobb, Crab, and Stubb,
Tickèl, Evàns, Cary`.

KNIGHT *versus* PARSON;

*Or a Dialogue between Sir HENRY PEACHY of Suffex,
and Mr. BRAMSTON, a Clergyman of the same County.*

By the same Mr. BRAMSTON.

AN upstart knight of late tormented me
With his defence of odious S——y*;
Then smartly, in his own opinion, slic't
The Duke of Somerset and Jesus Christ.
I beg, Sir knight, you this discourse will end,
Christ is my saviour, Somerset my friend.

M 2

Come,

* A lane that passes by New Grove, the seat of the family, is still called S——m Corner.

Come, end this talk, and drink our new king's health:—
 G—d damn you, priest; I'm for a commonwealth;
 But rot you, parson, prove it if you can,
 That Christ of Nazareth is God, or man:
 But you're a hired priest; and by that rule
 You are a liar, blockhead, coxcomb, fool:
 And as for scripture, priest, G—dz—s, G—d's blood,
 The devil take me if I believe a word.

Must this, thought I, for reason then go down? }
 Is this the mighty knowledge of the town? }
 To be o'the Quorum, and to serve the crown? }
 Repent, vain knight, repent it if you may,
 Know that my God's all spirit, knight of clay!
 But wer't thou Julian, earth's apostate head, }
 I'd worship Jesus, though I lost my head; }
 My God can make me most alive when dead. }
 Heathen confest, a spirit thou to be sent
 A member to a Christian parliament!
 Repent, and be instructed to do well,
 Or thou'lt a fitting member be in hell;
 From whence there is no way to Westminster;
 The devil's no Returning Officer.

An EPISTLE *to* Lord COBHAM,

By Mr. CONGREVE,

Being one of the last Copies of Verses he wrote before his Death.

Albi nostrorum sermonum candide iudex.

SINCEREST critick of my prose or rhyme,
 Tell, how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time.
 Say, Cobham, what amuses thy retreat,
 Or schemes of war, or stratagems of state?
 Dost thou recall to mind with joy or grief,
 Great Marlborough's actions? that immortal chief,
 Whose slightest trophies rais'd in each campaign
 More than suffic'd to signalize a reign.
 Does thy remembrance rising warm thy heart
 With glory past, where thou thyself hadst part?
 Or dost thou grieve indignant now, to see,
 The fruitless end of all that victory?
 To see the audacious foe so late subdu'd,
 Dispute the terms for which so long they su'd,
 As if Britannia now were sunk so low
 To beg that peace she wonted to bestow?
 Far be that guilt! Be never known that shame;
 That England should retract her rightful claim;
 Or ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
 Stain with the pen the lustre of her sword,

Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow
 Each vexing thought and heart-devouring woe ?
 And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes,
 To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains ;
 To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,
 And force the latent springs to lift their heads ?
 On watry columns capitals to rear,
 That lift their flowing curls with upper air ?
 Or dost thou, weary grown, these works neglect,
 No temples, statues, obelisks erect ?
 But seek the morning breeze from fragrant meads,
 Or shun the noon-tide ray in wholesome shades ?
 Or slowly walk alone the mazy wood,
 To meditate on all that's wise and good ?
 For nature bountiful in thee has join'd
 A person pleasing, with a worthy mind ;
 Not given thee form alone, but means and art,
 To draw the eye, and to allure the heart.
 Poor were the praise in fortune to excell,
 Yet want the way to use that fortune well.
 While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
 At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd ;
 Graceful in form, and winning in address,
 While well you think what aptly you express ;
 With health, with honour, with a fair estate,
 A table free, and elegantly neat,

What can be added more to mortal bliss?
 What can he want, who stands possess'd of this?
 What can the fondest wishing mother more
 Of heaven, attentive for her son, implore?
 And yet a happiness remains unknown,
 Or to philosophy reveal'd alone;
 A precept which, unpractis'd, renders vain
 Thy flowing hopes, and pleasures turns to pain.
 Should hope, or fear, thy heart alternate tear,
 Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
 Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
 (Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)
 Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife,
 Still think the present day thy last of life.
 Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
 Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
 With her enlivening and unlook'd for light,
 How grateful will appear her dawning rays?
 As favours unexpected doubly please.
 Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,
 Content may keep his life, or calmly lose.
 All proof of this thou may'st thyself receive,
 When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
 Come see thy friend retir'd without regret,
 Forgetting care, or trying to forget.

In easy contemplation soothing time,
 With morals much, and now and then, with rhyme.
 Not so robust in body as in mind,
 And always undejected, tho' declin'd.
 Not wond'ring at the world's new wicked ways,
 Compar'd with those of our forefathers' days :
 For virtue now is neither more nor less,
 And vice is only varied in her dress.
 Believe it, men have ever been the same,
 And Ovid's Golden Age is but a dream.

By Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE,

To Lady IRWIN.*

WHY will Delia thus retire,
 And languish life away?
 While the fighting crowds admire,
 'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea,

All

* This poem has been already printed in Doddsley's Collection, and is here reprinted for the sake of the answer, which never appeared before. In the original copy of the former, the fourth stanza is wanting, which we may suppose to have been afterwards added by the authoress, as in Lady Irwin's reply there is none that corresponds with it.

All these dismal looks and fretting,
 Cannot Damon's life restore ;
 Long ago the worms have eat him,
 You can never see him more.

Once again consult your toilet,
 In the glass your face review ;
 So much reading soon will spoil it,
 And no spring your charms renew.

I like you was born a woman,
 Well I know what vapours mean ;
 The disease, alas ! is common,
 Single, we have all the spleen.

All the morals that they tell us,
 Never cur'd the sorrow yet ;
 Choose among the pretty fellows
 One of humour, youth, and wit.

Prithee hear him every morning,
 For at least an hour or two ;
 Once again at night returning,
 I believe the dose will do.

The A N S W E R.

By Lady IRWIN.

THO' Delia oft retires,
 'Tis not from spleen or hate;
 No lovers she desires,
 Nor envies others' fate.

Tho' her Damon's dead, 'tis true,
 Yet he lives in Delia's heart;
 None a constancy can shew,
 Where a virtue has no part.

Should she consult her toilet,
 Alas! she'll quickly find
 Her face, there's nought can spoil it,
 So she'll improve her mind.

If the morals that they tell us,
 Cannot cure us of despair;
 I believe the pretty fellows
 Will bring us only double care.

'Tis our interest then to shun 'em,
 Since their practice it is such;
 They who venture boldly on 'em,
 Often find one dose too much.

An ELEGY on Mrs. BOWES.**By Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.*

HAIL happy bride! for thou art truly blest,
 Three months of pleasure crown'd with endless rest!
 Merit like yours was heaven's peculiar care;
 You lov'd—yet tasted happiness sincere:
 The sweets of love to you were only shewn,
 The sure, succeeding, bitter dregs unknown.
 You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
 The tender lover for th' imperious lord;
 Nor felt the pangs that jealous fondness brings,
 Nor wept the coldness from possession springs.
 Above your sex distinguish'd in your fate,
 You trusted, yet experienc'd no deceit,
 Swift were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure flew;
 No vain repentance gave a sigh to you;
 And, if superior bliss heav'n can bestow,
 With fellow angels you enjoy it now.

* Mrs. Bowes was the first wife of Mr. Bowes, father to the present Lady Strathmore.

*On Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE;
VERSES on the Death of Mrs. BOWES.*

CLOE her thoughts has so exprest,
Each chosen word so justly put,
And yet how neat foe'er they're drest,
We through the lawn may see the smut.

Such lechery, drest up so clean,
And with so chaste a look,
Is hardly to be felt or seen
But under Cloe's f——ck.

*The ANSWER to Lady MARY's VERSES
on Mrs. BOWES.*

THO' every one knows
The fate of poor Bowes,
Yet doctors about it do vary;
Some make a sad face,
And pity her case:
'Tis the envy of good Lady Mary.

She says, she don't know
How heaven can bestow
Any joy like the death of that bride;
Whence some people say,
Could she choose her own way,
Before now she had certainly dy'd.

But

But here lies the mistake,
 If her sense she would speak ;
 Her meaning appears but too plain ;
 She would always be trying,
 But to Bowes leaves the dying,
 Her choice is to live in the pain.

*On a LADY mistaking a DYING TRADER for a
 DYING LOVER.*

*By Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE,
 on Mrs. LOWTHER, Lord LONSDALE's Sister.*

AS Chloris on her downy pillow lay,
 'Twixt sleep and wake the morning slid away.
 Soft at her chamber door a tap was heard,
 She listen'd, and again no one appear'd.
 Who's there, the sprightly nymph with courage cries ?
 Madam, 'tis one who for your la'ship dyes.
 Sure ! 'tis delusion ! what ! a dying Lover !
 Yet speak once more : what is't you say, discover.
 A second time these accents pierc'd the air :
 Sweet was the sound, transported was the fair.
 At length, mankind are just, her la'ship said ;
 Threw on her gown, and stepping out of bed

Look'd

Look'd in her glafs ; confefs'd him to be right ;—
 Who thinks me not a beauty, 'tis meer spite.
 Affemble ye coquets ! with envy frown
 To fee the wonders that my eyes have done.
 In vain your pert and forward airs you try,
 Mankind, the more you court, the farther fly,
 And 'tis for me, and only me, they die. }
 But how fhall I receive him ? cry'd the dame ;
 Prudence allows not pity :—I muft blame.
 Perhaps, poor foul ! he has figh'd in fecret long,
 Ere the prefumptuous thought escap'd his tongue.
 I am the caufe, yet innocent, by Heaven :—
 Why were thefe eyes for fuch deftruction given ?
 'Tis not my fault ; I did not make one feature :—
 Then turn'd her look to view the *dying creature*.
 But ah ! who fhould the enamour'd fwain now prove ?—
 A wretch who *dyes* by *Trade* and not by *Love*.
 No mortal pen can figure her furprize,
 Willing to truft her ears but not her eyes :
 Th' approaching ftorm her swelling bofom fhew'd,
 Awhile now pale, then red with anger glow'd.
 She wept, ſhe rav'd, invok'd the pow'rs above,
 Who give no ear when old maids talk of love.
 Fruitlefs her pray'rs, and impotent her rage,
 Yet fierce as when two female ſcolds engage.

At length the fire was spent, all was serene ;
 A calm succeeded this tempestuous scene.
 And thus she spoke :
 Ye blooming maids ! let my example prove
 How oft your sex mistaken are in love !
 When young, we're cruel, and with beauty play,
 Which while we vainly parley, fades away.
 When old, to encrease the rigour of our fate,
 We wish and talk of lovers when too late.
 As idle travellers who've lost the day,
 And hope in night through shades to find the way ;
 Forlorn they tread the thorny paths in vain,
 Not of themselves, but their hard fate complain.
 So peevish maids when past their youthful bloom,
 On sad remains, and fancy'd charms presume ;
 Lonely they wander, no companion find,
 Then rail, and quarrel with all human kind.
 But let us to ourselves for once be just,
 And see our own decays and wrinkles first.
 Whene'er to melting sighs we lend an ear,
 Think, youth and beauty make the men sincere.
 No other powers their stubborn hearts can move :—
 Did ever virtue light the torch of love ?
 From sad experience I this truth declare ;
 I am now abandon'd, though I once was fair,

VIRTUE IN DANGER.

*A lamentable STORY how a virtuous LADY had like
to have been ravished by her Sister's Footman.*

To the Tune of the Children in the Wood.

By Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.

I.

NOW ponder well, ye ladies fair,
These words that I shall write;
I'll tell a tale shall make you stare,
Of a poor lady's fright.

II.

She lay'd her down all in her bed
And soon began to snore;
It never came into her head
To lock her chamber door.

III.

A Footman of her sister dear,
A sturdy Scot was he;
Without a sense of godly fear,
Bethought him wickedly.

IV. Thought

* Arthur Grey.

IV.

Thought he, this lady lies alone,
 I like her comely face :
 It would most gallantly be done,
 Her body to embrace.

V.

In order to this bold attempt,
 He ran up stairs apace ;
 While this poor lady nothing dreamt,
 Or dreamt it was his Grace.

VI.

The candle flaring in her eyes
 Made her full soon awake ;
 He scorn'd to do it by surprize,
 Or her a sleeping take.

VII.

A sword he had, and it hard by
 A thing appear'd withal,
 Which we, for very modesty,
 A pistol chuse to call.

VIII.

This pistol in one hand he took,
And thus began to woo her ;—
Lord, how this tender creature shook
When he presented to her !

IX.

Lady, quoth he, I must obtain——
For I have lov'd you long ;
Would you know how my heart you gain'd,
You had it for a song.

X.

Resolve to quench my present flame,
Or you must murder'd be :
It was those pretty eyes, fair dame,
That first have murder'd me.

XI.

The lady look'd with fear around,
As in her bed she lay ;
And tho' half-dying in a swoond,
Thus to herself did say,

XII. Who

XII.

Who rashly judge (it is a rule)
Do often judge amiss;
I thought this fellow was a fool,
But there's some sense in this,

XIII.

She then recover'd heart of grace,
And did to him reply;
Sure, Arthur, you've forgot your place,
Or know not that 'tis I.

XIV.

Do you consider who it is
That you thus rudely treat?
'Tis not for scoundrel scrubs to wish
To taste their master's meat.

XV.

Tut, tut, quoth he, I do not care;
And so pull'd down the clothes:
Uncover'd lay the lady fair,
From bosom down to toes.

XVI.

Oh Arthur, cover me, she said,
Or sure I shall get cold ;
Which presently the rogue obey'd ;
He could not hear her scold.

XVII.

He lay'd his sword close by her side,
Her heart went pit-a-pat :
You've but one weapon left she cry'd,
Sure I can deal with that.

XVIII.

She saw the looby frightened stand,
Out of the bed jump't she ;
Catch'd hold of his so furious hand ;
A fight it was to see !

XIX.

His pistol hand she held fast clos'd,
As she remembers well ;
But how the other was dispos'd,
There's none alive can tell.

XX. The

XX.

The sword full to his heart she laid,
 But yet him did not slay,
 For when he saw the shining blade,
 God wot, he run away.

XXI.

When she was sure the knave was gone
 Out of her father's hall,
 This vertuous lady strait begun
 Most grievously to bawl.

XXII.

In came papa and mamma dear,
 Who wonder'd to behold :
 Out Grisle ! what a noise is here !
 Why stand you in the cold ?

XXIII.

Mamma, she said (and then she wept)
 I have a battle won ;
 But if that I had soundly slept,
 My honour had been gone,

XXIV.

A footman of my sister, he—
 A footman ! cry'd mamma ;
 Dear daughter, this must never be,
 Z——ds we must go to law.

XXV.

This lady's fame shall ever last,
 And live in British song ;
 For she was like Lucretia chaste,
 And eke was much more strong.

*Epistle from ARTHUR GREY, the Footman, after
 his Condemnation for attempting a RAPE *.*

*By the RIGHT HONOURABLE
 LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.*

READ lovely nymph, and tremble not to read ;
 I have no more to wish, nor you to dread ;
 I ask not life, for life to me were vain,
 And death a refuge from severer pain.

My

* This animated poem is omitted in the latter editions of Mr. Doddsley's collection, and is therefore reprinted here.

My only hope in these last lines I try ;
I would be pity'd, and I then would die.

Long had I liv'd as fordid as my fate,
Nor curs'd the destiny that made me wait,
A fordid slave : content with homely food,
The gross instinct of appetite pursu'd, }
Youth gave me sleep at night, and warmth of blood. }
Ambition yet had never touch'd my breast ; }
My lordly master knew no founder rest ; }
With labour healthy, in obedience blest. }
But when I saw—Oh had I never seen—
That wounding softness, that engaging mien,
The mist of wretched education flies ; }
Shame, fear, desire, despair and love arise, }
The new creation of those beauteous eyes. }
But yet that love pursu'd no guilty aim,
Deep in my heart I hid the secret flame :
I never hop'd my fond desire to tell,
And all my wishes were—to serve you well.
Heav'ns ! how I flew, when wing'd by your command,
And kiss'd the letters giv'n me by your hand !
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
Present the sparkling glass, or change the plate !

How, when you sung, my soul devour'd the sound,
 And every sense was in the rapture drown'd !
 Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move—
 You knew not that stupidity was love.
 But oh ! the torment not to be express'd,
 The grief, the rage, the hell, that fir'd this breast,
 When my great rivals, in embroidery gay,
 Sat by your side, or led you from the play !
 I still contriv'd near as I could to stand,
 (The flambeau trembling in my careless hand)
 I saw, or thought I saw, those fingers press'd ;
 For thus their passion by my own I guess'd,
 And jealous fury all my soul possess'd :
 Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
 And madness would have thrown me at your feet.
 Turn, lovely nymph, (for so I would have said)
 Turn from those triflers who make love a trade ;
 This is true passion in my eyes you see ;
 They cannot, no—they cannot love like me.
 Frequent debauch has pall'd their sickly taste,
 Faint their desire, and in a moment past :
 They sigh not from the heart, but from the brain ;
 Vapours of vanity and mere champagne.

Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inspire,
 After long talking of their painted fire,
 To some lewd brothel they at night retire ;
 There pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
 Enjoy your beauties in a strumpet's arms.

Such are the joys those toasters have in view,
 And such the wit and pleasure they pursue :—
 And is this love that ought to merit you ?

Each Opera night, a new address begun,
 They swear to thousands what they swear to one.

Not thus I sigh—but all my sighs are vain—
 Die, wretched Arthur, and conceal thy pain ;
 'Tis impudence to wish, and madness to complain.

Fix'd on this view, my only hope of ease,
 I waited not the aid of slow disease ;
 The keenest instruments of death I fought,
 And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
 Thus all the night—when I remember well
 The charming tinkle of your morning bell,
 Fir'd by the sound, I hasten'd with your tea,
 With one last look to smoothe the darksome way—

But

But oh, how dear that fatal look cost !
 In that fond moment my resolves were lost.
 Hence all my guilt, and all my sorrows rise—
 I saw the languid softness of your eyes ;
 I saw the dear disorder of your bed ;
 Your cheeks all glowing with a tempting red ;
 Your night-clothes tumbled with resistless grace ;
 Your flowing hair play'd careless round your face ;
 Your night-gown fasten'd with a single pin—
 Fancy improv'd the wondrous charms within !
 I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breast,
 And hardly, hardly, I forebore the rest ;
 Eager to gaze, unsatisfy'd with sight,
 My head grew giddy with the near delight :—
 Too well you know the fatal, following night !

Th' extremest proof of my desire, I give,
 And since you will not love, I will not live.
 Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
 Careless and fearless of the woes to come.
 But when you see me waver in the wind,
 My guilty flame extinct, my soul resign'd,

Sure

Sure you may pity what you can't approve,

The cruel consequence of furious love.

Think, the bold wretch who could so greatly dare,

Was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere :

Think when I held the pistol to your breast,

Had I been of the world's large rule possess'd,

That would have then been yours, and I been blest ! }

Think that my life was quite below my care,

Nor fear'd I any hell beyond despair.—

If these reflections, tho' they seize you late,

Give some compassion for your Arthur's fate,

Enough you give, nor ought I to complain ;

You pay my pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

*Mr. JOHN PHILIPS's designed Dedication to his
Poem called THE SPLENDID SHILLING.*

*To W. BROME, Esq. of Ewithington, in the
County of Hereford.*

S I R,

IT would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the rise and progress of Dedications. The use of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors; and we have reason to believe that it was continued without any interruption till the beginning of this century, at which time, mottos, anagrams, and frontispieces being introduced, Dedications were mightily discouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restored, and by whom they were first usher'd in, is a work that far transcends my knowledge; a work that can justly be expected from no other pen but that of your operose Doctor Bentley. Let us therefore at present acquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present times a
sufficient

sufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem. Especially since in this age Dedications are not only fashionable, but almost necessary; and indeed they are now so much in vogue, that a book without one, is as seldom seen as a bawdy-house without a Practice of Piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, Sir, those who have no friends, dedicate to all good christians; some to their booksellers; some for want of a sublunary patron to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help those hen-peck'd writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! but while I talk so much of other mens patrons, I have forgot my own; and seem rather to make an essay on Dedications, than to write one. However, Sir, I presume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for saying nothing to the purpose. You, Sir, are a person more tender of other mens reputation than your own; and would hear every body commended but yourself. Should I but mention your skill in turning, and the compassion you shew'd to my fingers ends when you

gave

gave me a tobacco stopper, you would blush and be confounded with your just praises. How much more would you, should I tell you what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language, the Saxon? Since, therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove so troublesome, I shall offend your modesty no longer. Give me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, Sir, if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject, the variety of images, and the exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject of the poem is myself, a subject never yet handled by any poets. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable Monsieur le Bog. Yet since I am the subject, and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vain-glorious. As for the moral, I have took particular care that it should lie incognito, not like the ancients who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses. But

here you may look a good while, and perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprize to the reader. What shall I say of the similes that are so full of geography, that you must get a Welshman to understand them? that so raise our ideas of the things they are apply'd to? that are so extraordinarily quaint and well chosen that there's nothing like them? So that I think I may, without vanity, say *Avia Pieridum peragro loca, &c.* Yet however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vast difference between some parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble servant's negligence, but diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no moneys, and was finished when he had the misfortune at a virtuous lady's house to meet with both. But I hope, in time, Sir, when hunger and poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an essay on Minced Pies, which shall be devoted to you with all submission, by,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

And humble servant,

J. PHILIPS.

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. PITT, the Translator
of VIRGIL,*

To Mr. SPENCE.

DEAR JO,

July 18, Blanford, 1726.

I Am entering into proposals with a bookseller for printing a little miscellany of my own performances, consisting of some originals and select Translations. I beg you to be altogether silent in the matter. Mr. Pope has used so little of the 23d Odyssey that I gave Dr. Younge, that if I put it in among the rest I shall hardly incur any danger of the penalty concerning the patent. However, I will not presume to publish a single line of it after Mr. Pope's Translation, if you advise me (as I desire you to do sincerely) to the contrary. I shall send you a small specimen of my Translation, which if you approve of, I can assure you the remainder of the book is not inferior to it.

THE nurse all wild with transport seem'd to swim,
Joy wing'd her feet and lighten'd ev'ry limb ;
Then to the room with speed impatient born
Flew with the tidings of her lord's return.

There

There bending o'er the sleeping Queen, she cries,
 Rise, my Penelope, my daughter, rise
 To see Ulysses thy long absent spouse,
 Thy soul's desire and lord of all thy vows :
 Tho' late, he comes, and in his rage has slain,
 For all their wrongs, the haughty suitor train.

Ah Euryelea, she replies, you rave ;
 The gods resume that reason which they gave ;
 For Heav'n deep wisdom to the fool supplies,
 But oft infatuates and confounds the wife.
 And wisdom once was thine ! but now I find
 The gods have ruin'd thy distemper'd mind.
 How could you hope your fiction to impose ?
 Was it to flatter or deride my woes ?
 How could you break a sleep with talk so vain
 That held my sorrows in so soft a chain ?
 A sleep so sweet I never could enjoy
 Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy :
 Curst Troy—oh ! why did I thy name disclose ?
 Thy fatal name awakens all my woes :
 But fly—some other had provok'd my rage,
 And you but owe your pardon to your age.

No artful tales, no studied lies, I frame,
 Ulysses lives (rejoins the rev'rend dame)
 In that dishonour'd stranger's close disguise,
 Long has he past all unsuspecting eyes,
 All but thy son's—and long has he suppress
 The well-concerted secret in his breast;
 Till his brave father should his foes defeat,
 And the close scheme of his revenge complete.

Swift as the word the Queen transported sprung,
 And round the dame in strict embraces hung;
 Then as the big round tears began to roll,
 Spoke the quick doubts and hurry of her soul.

If my victorious hero safe arrives,
 If my dear lord, Ulysses, still survives,
 Tell me, oh tell me, how he fought alone?
 How were such multitudes destroy'd by one?

Nought I beheld, but heard their cries, she said,
 When death flew raging, and the suitors bled:
 Immur'd we listen'd, as we sat around,
 To each deep groan and agonizing sound.

Call'd by thy son to view the scene I fled,
And saw Ulysses striding o'er the dead !
Amidst the rising heaps the hero stood
All grim, and terribly adorn'd with blood.

This is enough in conscience for this time ; besides
I am desired by Mr. Pope or Mr. Lintot, I don't
know which, to write to Mr. Pope on a certain
affair.

*Original Letter from Mr. GEORGE VERTUE *,*
To Mr. CHARLES CHRISTIAN.

MR. CHRISTIAN,

PRAY inform my Lord Harley that
I have on Thursday last seen the daughter of Milton
the poet. I carry'd with me two or three different

O 2

prints

* This letter from Mr. George Vertue, and the other
from Prior and Elkanah Settle, have no immediate rela-
tion to Mr. Pope's correspondence, but were found in the
same Repository.

prints of Milton's picture, which she immediately knew to be like her father; and told me her mother-in-law (if living in Cheshire) had two pictures of him, one when he was a school boy, and the other when he was about twenty. She knows of no other picture of him, because she was several years in Ireland, both before and after his death. She was the youngest of Milton's daughters by his first wife, and was taught to read to her father several languages.

Mr. Addison was desirous to see her once, and desired she would bring with her testimonials of being Milton's daughter, but as soon as she came into the room he told her she needed none, her face having much of the likeness of the pictures he had seen of him.

For my part, I find the features of her face very much like the prints. I showed her the painting I have to engrave, which she believes not to be her father's picture, it being of a brown complexion, and black hair, and curled locks. On the contrary, he was of a fair complexion, a little red in his cheeks, and light brown lank hair.

I desire

I desire you would acquaint Mr. Prior I was so unfortunate to wait on him on Thursday morning last, just after he was gone out of town. It was with the intent to enquire of him if he remembers a picture of Milton in the late Lord Dorset's collection, as I am told this was; or if he can inform me how I shall enquire or know the truth of this affair, I should be much obliged to him, being very willing to have all the certainty on that account before I begin to engrave the plate, that it may be the more satisfactory to the publick, as well as to myself.

The sooner you communicate this the better, because I want to resolve, which I can't do till I have an answer, which will much oblige

Your friend to command,

GEO. VERTUE.

Saturday, Aug. 12, 1721.

Mr. PRIOR to Mr. WANLEY.

MY GOOD AND KIND WANLEY,

I Send you these sheets as look'd over first by Mr. Bedford, and then by myself. I have made great letters at *ye*, *me*, and emphatical words, that this may answer to the tenor of the other poems; but if in the old it be otherwise printed, or you please to alter any thing, you know and may use your dictatorial power. In a book called the *Customes of London*, a folio, printed, I think, in Harry the Eighth's time, which I gave our well-beloved Lord Harley, you will find this poem*. I hope I am to see you at dinner at Mr. Black's, and am always,

Your obliged and

Faithful servant,

M. PRIOR.

Thursday noon, 11th April, 1718.

* The Not-Browne Maid.

Mr. PRIOR *to Mr.* WANLEY.

DEAR WANLEY,

I Must beg the continuance of your care in the names of the subscribers, as you have given it to me in the printing of the books. I send you my phiz. Pray give my service to Mrs. Wanley, desiring her to accept it, and assuring her that no man loves or esteems her husband and my friend more, than

Yours,

January 8.

M. PRIOR.

Mr. E. SETTLE to Lord OXFORD.

MY LORD,

HAVING laid at your Lordship's feet a divine poem on the Holy Eucharist, I humbly pay my duty to your Lordship to know how you are pleased to accept of it, being,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful servant,

E. SETTLE,

LETTERS *by* Mr. POPE.*To a LADY.*

MADAM,

Twitenham, October 18.

WE are indebted to Heaven for all things, and above all for our sense and genius (in whatever degree we have it); but to fancy yourself indebted to any thing else, moves my anger at your modesty. The regard I must bear you, seriously proceeds from myself alone; and I will not suffer even one I like so much as Mrs. H. to have a share in causing it. I challenge a kind of relation to you on the *soul's* side, which I take to be better than either on a father's or mother's; and if you can overlook an ugly *body* (that stands much in the way of any friendship, when it is between different sexes) I shall hope to find you a true and constant kinswoman in Apollo. Not that I would place all my pretensions upon that poetical foot, much less confine them to it; I am far more desirous to be admitted

mitted as yours, on the more meritorious title of friendship. I have ever believed this as a sacred maxim, that the most ingenious natures were the most sincere; and the most knowing and sensible minds made the best friends. Of all those that I have thought it the felicity of my life to know, I have ever found the most distinguished in capacity, the most distinguished in morality: and those the most to be depended on, whom one esteemed so much as to desire they should be so. I beg you to make me no more compliments. I could make you a great many, but I know you neither need them, nor can like them: be so good as to think I do not. In one word, your writings are very good, and very entertaining; but not so good, nor so entertaining, as your life and conversation. One is but the effect and emanation of the other. It will always be a greater pleasure to me, to know you are well, than that you write well, though every time you tell me the one, I must know the other. I am willing to spare your modesty; and therefore, as to your writing, may perhaps never say more (directly to yourself) than the few verses I send here; which (as a
proof

proof of my own modesty too) I made so long ago
as the day you fate for your picture, and yet never
till now durst confess to you.

Tho' sprightly Sappho force our love and praise,
A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,
The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays,
So while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
All mild appears the moon's more sober light,
Serene, in virgin majesty, she shines;
And, un-observ'd, the glaring sun declines.

The brightest wit in the world, without the
better qualities of the heart, must meet with this
fate; and tends only to endear such a character as
I take yours to be. In the better discovery, and
fuller conviction of which, I have a strong opinion,
I shall grow more and more happy, the longer I live
your acquaintance, and (if you will indulge me in
so much pleasure)

Your faithful friend,

And most obliged servant,

A. POPE.

To the same.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Nov. 5.

THOUGH I am extremely obliged by your agreeable letter, I will avoid all mention of the pleasure you give me, that we may have no more words about compliments; which I have often observed people talk themselves into, while they endeavour to talk themselves out of. It is no more the diet of friendship and esteem, than a few thin wafers and marmalade were of so hearty a stomach as Sancho's. In a word, I am very proud of my new relation, and like Parnassus much the better, since I found I had so good a neighbour there. Mrs. H——, who lives at court, shall teach two country-folks sincerity; and when I am so happy as to meet you, she shall settle the proportions of that regard, or good-nature, which she can allow you to spare me, from a heart, which is so much her own as yours is.

That lady is the most trusty of friends, if the imitation of Shakespear be yours; for she made me

give my opinion of it with assurance it was none of Mrs. —. I honestly liked and praised it, whose-soever it was; there is in it a sensible melancholy, and too true a picture of human life; so true an one, that I can scarce wish the verses yours at the expence of your thinking that way, so early. I rather wish you may love the town (which the author of those lines cannot *immoderately* do) these many years. It is time enough to like, or affect to like, the country, when one is out of love with all but one's-self, and therefore studies to become agreeable or easy to one's-self. Retiring into one's-self is generally the *pis-aller* of mankind. Would you have me describe my solitude and grotto to you? What if, after a long and painted description of them in verse (which the writer I have just been speaking of could better make, if I can guess by that line,

No noise but water, ever friend to thought)

what if it ended thus?

What are the falling rills, the pendant shades,

The morning bow'rs, the evening colonnades:

But

But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind,
 To sigh un-heard in, to the passing wind !
 So! the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
 Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart) ;
 There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
 Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

If these lines want poetry, they do not want sense. God Almighty long preserve you from a feeling of them ! The book you mention, Bruyere's Characters, will make any one know the world ; and I believe at the same time despise it (which is a sign it will make one know it thoroughly). It is certainly the proof of a master-hand, that can give such striking likenesses, in such slight sketches, and in so few strokes on each subject. In answer to your question about Shakespear, the book is about a quarter printed, and the number of emendations very great. I have never indulged my own conjectures, but kept meerly to such amendments as are authorized by old editions, in the author's life-time : but I think it will be a year at least before the whole work can be finished. In reply to your very handsome (I wish it were a very true)

true) compliment upon this head, I only desire you to observe, by what natural, gentle degrees I have sunk to the humble thing I now am : first from a pretending poet to a critick, then to a low translator, lastly to a meer publisher. I am apprehensive I shall be nothing that's of any value long, except,

MADAM,

Your most obliged, and

Most faithful humble servant,

A. POPE.

I long for your return to town,
a place I am unfit for, but
shall not be long out of, as
soon as I know I may be per-
mitted to wait on you there.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday night.

IT was an agreeable surprize to me, to hear of your settlement in town. I lie at my Lord Peterborow's in Bolton-street, where any commands of yours will reach me to-morrow, only on Saturday evening I am pre-engaged. If Mrs. H— be to be engaged (and if she is by any creature, it is by you) I hope she will join us. I am, with great truth,

MADAM,

Your most faithful friend,

And obliged servant,

A. POPE.

To the same.

MADAM,

I Could not play the impertinent so far as to write to you, till I was encouraged to it by a piece of news Mrs. H—— tells me, which ought to be the most agreeable in the world to any author, That you are determined to write no more—It is now the time then, not for me only, but for every body, to write without fear, or wit: and I shall give you the first example here. But for this assurance, it would be every way too dangerous to correspond with a lady, whose very first sight and very first writings had such an effect, upon a man used to what they call fine sights, and what they call fine writings. Yet he has been dull enough to sleep quietly, after all he has seen, and all he has read; till yours broke in upon his stupidity and indolence, and totally destroyed it. But, God be thanked, you will write no more; so I am in no danger of increasing my admiration of you one way; and as to the other, you will never (I have too much reason to fear) open these eyes again with one glimpse of you.

VOL. I.

P

I am

I am told, you named lately in a letter a place called Twitenham, with particular distinction. That you may not be mis-construed and have your meaning mistaken for the future, I must acquaint you, Madam, that the name of the place where Mrs. H—— is, is not Twitenham, but Richmond; which your ignorance in the geography of these parts has made you confound together. You will unthinkingly do honour to a paltry hermitage (while you speak of Twitenham) where lives a creature altogether unworthy your memory or notice, because he really wishes he had never beheld you, nor yours. You have spoiled him for a solitaire, and a book, all the days of his life; and put him into such a condition, that he thinks of nothing, and enquires of nothing but after a person who has nothing to say to him, and has left him for ever without hope of ever again regarding, or pleasing, or entertaining him, much less of seeing him. He has been so mad with the idea of her, as to steal her picture, and passes whole days in sitting before it, talking to himself, and (as some people imagine) making verses;

but

but it is no such matter, for as long as he can get any of hers, he can never turn his head to his own, it is so much better entertained.

To the same.

MADAM,

I Am touched with shame when I look on the date of your letter. I have answered it a hundred times in my own mind, which I assure you has few thoughts, either so frequent or so lively, as those relating to you. I am sensibly obliged by you, in the comfort you endeavour to give me upon the loss of a friend. It is like the shower we have had this morning, that just makes the drooping trees hold up their heads, but they remain checked and withered at the root : the benediction is but a short relief, though it comes from Heaven itself. The loss of a friend is the loss of life ; after that is gone from us, it is all but a gentler decay, and wasting and lingering a little longer. I was the other day

forming a wish for a lady's happiness, upon her birth-day : and thinking of the greatest climax of felicity I could raise, step by step, to end in this—a Friend. I fancy I have succeeded in the gradation, and send you the whole copy to ask your opinion, or (which is much the better reason) to desire you to alter it to your own wish : for I believe you are a woman that can wish for yourself more reasonably, than I can for you. Mrs. H—— made me promise her a copy ; and to the end she may value it, I beg it may be transcribed, and sent her by you.

To a LADY, on her BIRTH-DAY, 1723.

Oh ! be thou blest with all that Heaven can send :
 Long life, long youth, long pleasure—and a friend !
 Not with those toys the woman-world admire,
 Riches that vex, and vanities that tire :
 Let joy, or ease ; let affluence, or content ;
 And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,
 Calm every thought ; inspirit every grace ;
 Glow in thy heart ; and smile upon thy face !

Let

Let day improve on day, and year on year ;
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear !
 And ah ! (since death must that dear frame destroy),
 Die by some sudden extasy of joy :
 In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
 And be thy latest gasp, a sigh of love !

Pray, Madam, let me see this mended in your copy to Mrs. H—— ; and let it be an exact scheme of happiness drawn, and I hope enjoyed, by yourself. To whom I assure you I wish it all, as much as you wish it her. I am always, with true respect,

MADAM,

Your most faithful friend,

And most humble servant,

A. POPE.

To the same.

MADAM,

Twitenham, August 29.

YOUR last letter tells me, that if I do not write in less than a month, you will fancy the length of yours frightened me. A consciousness that I had upon me of omitting too long to answer it, made me look (not without some fear and trembling) for the date of it: but there happened to be none; and I hope, either that you have forgot how long it is, or at least that you cannot think it so long as I do, since I writ to you. Indeed a multitude of things (which singly seem trifles, and yet all together make a vast deal of business, and wholly take up that time which we ought to value above all such things) have from day to day made me wanting, as well to my own greatest pleasure in this, as to my own greatest concerns in other points. If I seem to neglect any friend I have, I do more than seem to neglect myself, as I find daily by the increasing ill constitution of my body and mind. I still resolve this course shall not, nay I see it cannot, be long;

and I determine to retreat within myself to the only business I was born for, and which I am only good for (if I am entitled to use that phrase for any thing).

It is great folly to sacrifice one's self, one's time, one's quiet (the very life of life itself), to forms, complaisances, and amusements, which do not inwardly please me, and only please a sort of people who regard me no farther than a meer instrument of their present idleness, or vanity. To say truth, the lives of those we call great and happy are divided between those two states; and in each of them, we poetical fiddlers make but part of their pleasure, or of their equipage. And the misery is, we, in our turns, are so vain (at least I have been so) as to chuse to pipe without being paid, and so silly to be pleased with piping to those who understand musick less than ourselves. They have put me of late upon a task before I was aware, which I am *sick* and *sore* of: and yet engaged in honour to some persons whom I must neither disobey nor disappoint (I mean two or three in the world only) to go on with it. They make me do as mean a thing as the greatest

man of them could do; seem to depend, and to solicit, when I do not want; and make a kind of court to those above my rank, just as they do to those above theirs, when we might much more wisely and agreeably live of ourselves, and to ourselves. You will easily find I am talking of my translating the *Odyssey* by subscription: which looks, it must needs look, to all the world as a design of mine both upon fame and money, when in truth I believe I shall get neither; for one I go about without any stomach, and the other I shall not go about at all.

This freedom of opening my mind upon my own situation, will be a proof of trust, and of an opinion your goodness of nature has made me entertain, that you never profess any degree of good-will without being pretty warm in it. So I tell you my grievances; I hope in God you have none, wherewith to make me any return of this kind. I hope that was the only one which you communicated in your last, about Mrs. H—— silence; for which she wanted not reproaches from me; and has since, she says, amply atoned for. I saw a few lines of yours to her,

which

which are more obliging to me than I could have imagined : if you put *my welfare* into the small number of things which you heartily wish (for a sensible person, of either sex, will never wish for many), I ought to be a happier man than I ever yet deserved to be.

Upon a review of your papers, I have repented of some of the trivial alterations I had thought of, which were very few. I would rather keep them till I have the satisfaction to meet you in the winter, which I must beg earnestly to do ; for hitherto methinks you are to me like a spirit of another world, a being I admire, but have no commerce with : I cannot tell but I am writing to a Fairy, who has left me some favours, which I secretly enjoy, and shall think it unlucky, if not fatal, to part with. So pray do not expect your verses till farther acquaintance.

To the same.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Sept. 30, 1722.

NO confidence is so great, as that one receives from persons one knows *may be* believed, and in things one is *willing* to believe. I have (at last) acquired this; by Mrs. H—— repeated assurances of a thing I am unfeignedly so desirous of, as your allowing me to correspond with you. In good earnest, there is sometimes in men as well as in women, a great deal of unaffected modesty: and I was sincere all along, when I told her personally, and told you by my silence, that I feared only to seem impertinent, while perhaps I seemed negligent, to you. To tell Mrs. —— any thing like what I really thought of her, would have looked so like the common traffick of compliment, that pays only to receive; and to have told it her in distant or bashful terms, would have appeared so like coldness in my sense of good qualities (which I cannot find out in any one, without feeling, from my nature, at the same time a great warmth for them) that I was quite at a loss
what

what to write, or in what stile, to you. But I am resolved, plainly to get over all objections, and faithfully to assure you, if you will help a bashful man to be past all preliminaries, and forms, I am ready to treat with you for your friendship. I know (without more ado) you have a valuable soul; and wit, sense, and worth enough, to make me reckon it (provided you will permit it) one of the happinesses of my life to have been made acquainted with you.

I do not know, on the other hand, what you can think of me; but this, for a beginning, I will venture to engage, that whoever takes me for a poet, or a wit (as they call it), takes me for a creature of less value than I am: and that where-ever I profess it, you shall find me a much better man, that is, a much better friend, or at least a much less faulty one, than I am a poet. That whatever zeal I may have, or whatever regard I may shew, for things I truly am so pleased with as your entertaining writings; yet I shall still have more for your person, and for your health, and for your happiness. I
would,

would, with as much readiness, play the apothecary or the nurse, to mend your head-akes, as I would play the critick to improve your verses. I have seriously looked over and over those you intrusted me with; and assure you, Madam, I would as soon cheat in any other trust, as in this. I sincerely tell you, I can mend them very little, and only in trifles, not worth writing about; but will tell you every tittle when I have the happiness to see you.

I am more concerned than you can reasonably believe, for the ill state of health you are at present under: but I will appeal to time, to shew you how sincerely I am (if I live long enough to prove myself what I truly am)

MADAM,

Your most faithful servant,

A. POPE.

I am very sick all the while I write this letter, which I hope will be an excuse for its being so scribbled.

To the same.

MADAM,

Twitenham, Nov. 9.

IT happened that when I determined to answer yours, by the post that followed my receipt of it, I was prevented from the first proof I have had the happiness to give you of my warmth and readiness, in returning the epitaph, with my sincere condolences with you on that melancholy subject. But nevertheless I resolved to send you the one, though unattended by the other: I begged Mrs. H— to inclose it, that you might at least see I had not the power to delay a moment the doing what you bid me; especially when the occasion of obeying your commands was such, as must affect every admirer and well-wisher of honour and virtue in the nation.

You had it in the very blots, the better to compare the places; and I can only say it was done to the best of my judgement, and to the extent of my sincerity.

I do

I do not wonder that you decline the poetical amusement I proposed to you, at this time. I know (from what little I know of your heart) enough at least to convince me, it must be too deeply concerned at the loss, not only of so great, and so near a relation; but of a good man (a loss this age can hardly ever afford to bear, and not often can sustain). Yet perhaps it is one of the best things that can be said of poetry, that it helps us to pass over the toils and troubles of this tiresome journey, our life; as horses are encouraged and spirited up, the better to bear their labour, by the jingling of bells about their heads. Indeed, as to myself, I have been used to this odd cordial, so long, that it has no effect upon me: but you, Madam, are in your honeymoon of poetry; you have seen only the smiles, and enjoyed the caresses, of Apollo. Nothing is so pleasant to a Muse as the first children of the Imagination; but when once she comes to find it meer conjugal duty, and the care of her numerous progeny daily grows upon her, it is all a sour tax for past pleasure. As the Psalmist says on another occasion, the age of a Muse is scarce above five and twenty:

all

all the rest is labour and sorrow. I find by experience that his own fiddle is no great pleasure to a common fiddler, after once the first good conceit of himself is lost.

I long at last to be acquainted with you ; and Mrs. H— tells me you shall soon be in town, and I blest with the vision I have so long desired. Pray believe I worship you as much, and send my addresses to you as often, as to any female Saint in Heaven: it is certain I see you as little, unless it be in my sleep; and that way too, holy hermits are visited by the Saints themselves.

I am, without figures and metaphors, yours: and hope you will think, I have spent all my fiction in my poetry; so that I have nothing but plain truth left for my prose; with which I am ever,

MADAM,

Your faithful humble servant.

To the same.

MADAM,

Five o'clock.

I Think it a full proof of that unlucky star, which upon too many occasions I have experienced, that this first, this only day that I should have owned happy beyond expectation (for I did not till yesterday hope to have seen you so soon) I must be forced not to do it. I am too sick (indeed very ill) to go out so far, and lie on a bed at my doctor's house, as a kind of force upon him to get me better with all haste.

I am scarce able to see these few lines I write; to wish you health and pleasure enough not to miss me to-day, and myself patience to bear being absent from you as well as I can being ill.

I am truly,

Your faithful servant,

A. POPE.

To the same.

MADAM,

Jan. 17, 172 $\frac{2}{3}$.

AFTER a very long expectation and daily hopes of the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with you, I am still deprived of it in a manner that is the most afflicting, because it is occasioned by your illness and your misfortune. I can bear my own, I assure you, much better: and thus to find you lost to me, at the time that I hoped to have regained you, doubles the concern I should naturally feel in being deprived of any pleasure whatever.

Mrs. H — can best express to you the concern of a friend, who esteems and pities: for she has the liberty to express it in her actions, and the satisfaction of attending on you in your indisposition.

I wish sincerely your condition were not such as to debar me from telling you in person how truly I am yours. I wish I could do you any little offices of friendship, or give you any amusements, or help you to what people in your present state most want, better spirits. If reading to you, or writing to you,

VOL. I.

Q

could

could contribute to entertain your hours, or to raise you to a livelier relish of life, how well should I think my time employed! indeed I should, and think it a much better end of my poor studies, than all the vanities of fame, or views of a character that way, which engage most men of my fraternity.

If you thoroughly knew the zeal with which I am your servant, you would take some notice of the advice I would give you, and suffer it to have a weight with you proportionable to the sincerity with which it is given.

I beg you to do your utmost to call to you all the succours, which your own good sense and natural reflexion can suggest, to avoid a melancholy way of thinking, and to throw up your spirits by intervals of moderate company; not to let your distemper fix itself upon your mind at least, though it will not entirely quit your body. Do not indulge too much solitariness. Though most company be not proper or supportable during your illness, force yourself to enter into such as is good and reasonable, where you may have your liberty, and be under no restraint.

Why will you not come to your friend Mrs. H—, since you are able to go out, and since motion is certainly good for your health? Why will you not make any little sets of such as you are easiest with, to sit with you sometimes?

Do not think I have any interested aim in this advice: though I long to see you, and to try to amuse you, I would not for the world be considered as one that would ever require for my own gratification, any thing that might be improper or hurtful to you.

Pray let me know, by our friend Mrs. H—, if there can be any thing in my power to serve, or to amuse you. But use me so kindly, as not to think ever of writing to me till you are so well as that I may see you, and then it will be needless. Do not even read this, if it be the least trouble to your eyes or head.

Believe me, with great respect, and the warmest good wishes for your speedy recovery,

MADAM,

Your most faithful,

And most humble servant,

A. POPE.

To the same.

MADAM,

Twitenham, June 2, 1723.

IT was an inexpressible pleasure to me to see your letter, as I assure you it had long been a great trouble, to reflect on the melancholy reason of your silence and absence. It was that only which hindered my writing, not only again, but often, to you; for fear your good-nature should have been prompted to oblige me too much at your own expence, by answering. Indeed I never expressed (and never shall be able to express) more concern and good wishes for you, than I shall ever feel for one of your merit.

I am sorry, the moment you grow better, to have you snatcht from those, who I may say deserve the pleasure of seeing you in health, for having so long lamented and felt your illness.

Mrs. H—, I hope, will find it not impossible to draw you to Richmond: and if not, I dare say will not be long out of Hertfordshire. I want
nothing

nothing but the same happy pretence she has, of a title through your friendship, and the privilege of her sex, to be there immediately. I cannot but wonder you have not heard from her, though I should wonder if any body else had; for I am told by her family she has had much of the head-ake at Bath, besides the excuse of a great giddiness occasioned naturally by the waters. I writ to her at the first going, and have not had a word from her; and now you tell me the same thing, I conclude she has been worse than I imagine. I hear she returns on Wednesday, when I shall have the satisfaction (I doubt not) to talk and hear a great deal of Mrs. —.

I wish I could say any thing, either to comfort you when ill, or entertain you when well. Though nothing could, in the proper proportion of friendship, more affect me than your condition; I have not wanted other occasions of great melancholy, of which the least is the loss of part of my fortune by a late Act of Parliament.

I am

I am at present in the afflicting circumstance of taking my last leave of one of the * truest friends I ever had, and one of the greatest men in all polite learning, as well as the most agreeable companion, this nation ever had.

I really do not love life so dearly, or so weakly, as to value it on any other score, than for that portion of happiness which a friend only can bestow upon it: or, if I must want that myself, for the pleasure which is next it, of seeing deserving and virtuous people happy. So that indeed I want comfort; and the greatest I can receive from you (at least unless I were so happy as to deserve what I never can) will be to hear you grow better till you grow perfectly well, perfectly easy, and perfectly happy, which no one more sincerely wishes than,

MADAM,

Your faithful and obliged

Friend and servant,

A. POPE.

* Bishop Atterbury.

To the same.

MADAM,

Twittenham, Sept. 26, 1723.

IT would be a vanity in me to tell you why I trouble you so soon again : I cannot imagine myself of the number of those correspondents whom you call favourite ones ; yet I know it is thought, that industry may make a man what merit cannot : and if an old maxim of my Lord Oxford's be true, That in England if a man resolve to be any thing, and constantly stick to it, he may (even a Lord Treasurer) : if so, I say, it shall not be want of resolution that shall hinder me from being a favourite. In good earnest, I am more ambitious of being so to you, Madam, than I ever was, or ever shall be, of being one to any Prince, or (which is more) any Prince's minister, in Christendom.

I wish I could tell you any agreeable news of what your heart is concerned in ; but I have a sort of quarrel to Mrs. H—— for not loving herself so well as she does her friends : for those she makes happy, but not herself.

There

There is an air of sadness about her which grieves me, and which, I have learnt by experience, will increase upon an indolent (I will not say an affected) resignation to it. It will do so in men, and much more in women, who have a natural softness that sinks them even when reason does not. This I tell you in confidence; and pray give our friend such hints as may put her out of humour with melancholy: your censure, or even your raillery, may have more weight with her than mine: a man cannot either so decently, or so delicately, take upon him to be a physician in these concealed distempers.

You see, Madam, I proceed in trusting you with things that nearly concern me. In my last letter I spoke but of a trifle, myself: in this I advance farther, and speak of what touches me more, a friend.

This beautiful season will raise up so many rural images and descriptions in a poetical mind, that I expect, you, and all such as you (if there be any such), at least all who are not downright dull trans-

lators, like your servant, must necessarily be productive of verses.

I lately saw a sketch this way on the bower of
 * BEDINGTON: I could wish you tried something in the descriptive way on any subject you please, mixed with vision and moral; like pieces of the old provençal poets, which abound with fancy, and are the most amusing scenes in nature. There are three or four of this kind in Chaucer admirable: "The Flower and the Leaf" every body has been delighted with.

I have long had an inclination to tell a Fairy tale, the more wild and exotic the better; therefore a

VOL. I.

R

vision,

* The lines here alluded to are as follows:

In Tempe's shades the living lyre was strung,
 And the first Pope (immortal Phœbus) sung,
 These happy shades, where equal beauty reigns,
 Bold rising hills, flant vales, and far-stretch'd plains,
 The grateful verdure of the waving woods,
 The soothing murmur of the falling floods,
 A nobler boast, a higher glory yield,
 Than that which Phœbus stamp't on Tempe's field:
 All that can charm the eye, or please the ear,
 Says, Harmony itself inhabits here.

vision, which is confined to no rules of probability, will take in all the variety and luxuriancy of description you will; provided there be an apparent moral to it. I think, one or two of the Persian Tales would give one hints for such an invention: and perhaps if the scenes were taken from real places that are known, in order to compliment particular gardens and buildings of a fine taste (as I believe several of Chaucer's descriptions do, though it is what nobody has observed), it would add great beauty to the whole.

I wish you found such an amusement pleasing to you: if you did but, at leisure, form descriptions from objects in nature itself, which struck you most lively, I would undertake to find a tale that should bring them all together: which you will think an odd undertaking, but in a piece of this fanciful and imaginary nature I am sure is practicable. Excuse this long letter; and think no man is more

Your faithful

And obliged servant,

A. POPE.

✍ *IN the Preface to an edition of Monsieur POUILLY DE CHAMPEAUX's Works very lately published, is the Extract of a Letter from Lord BOLINGBROKE to that Gentleman. The original and translation are inserted here. The comment is left to the reader.*

It may be necessary to add, That Monsieur POUILLY DE CHAMPEAUX is a writer much esteemed on account of the elegance and spirit of humanity that breathe throughout his literary productions. The chief of these is his Theory of Agreeable Sensations. As to his political powers, they have never yet been celebrated by his countrymen in such a strain as to authorize the following compliment to him on the part of Lord BOLINGBROKE.

E X T R A C T.

“ **E**NFIN, mon cher Pouilly, dans
 “ cette foule d'hommes que j'ai pu connoître, et
 “ dont j'ai cherché à étudier l'esprit et le caractère,
 “ je n'en ai vu que TROIS qui m'aient paru dignes
 “ qu'on leur confiât le soin de gouverner des nations.
 “ Nôtre amitié est trop étroite, elle est, ainsi que
 “ le diroit Montaigne, trop libre et trop franche dans
 “ ses allures, pour que je m'enveloppe avec vous
 “ de

“ de cette fausse modestie, dont il faut quelquefois
 “ se faire un bouclier contre l’envie. Je vous dirai
 “ donc hardiment que ces trois hommes sont vous,
 “ MOI, et POPE.”

TRANSLATION.

“ MY dear friend, among the croud of
 “ men whom it may have fallen in my way to
 “ know, and whose understandings and characters
 “ I have endeavoured to study, I have not yet
 “ marked out above THREE that appeared to me
 “ worthy of being trusted with the care of govern-
 “ ing nations. Our friendship is too intimate, and,
 “ as Montaigne would perhaps choose to express
 “ himself, too frank and free in its paces for me to
 “ need, with you, the wrapping myself up in that
 “ false modesty, of which there is sometimes a ne-
 “ cessity for making a shield against envy. I shall
 “ then tell you boldly that these three men are YOU,
 “ MYSELF, and POPE.”

END OF VOL. I.



